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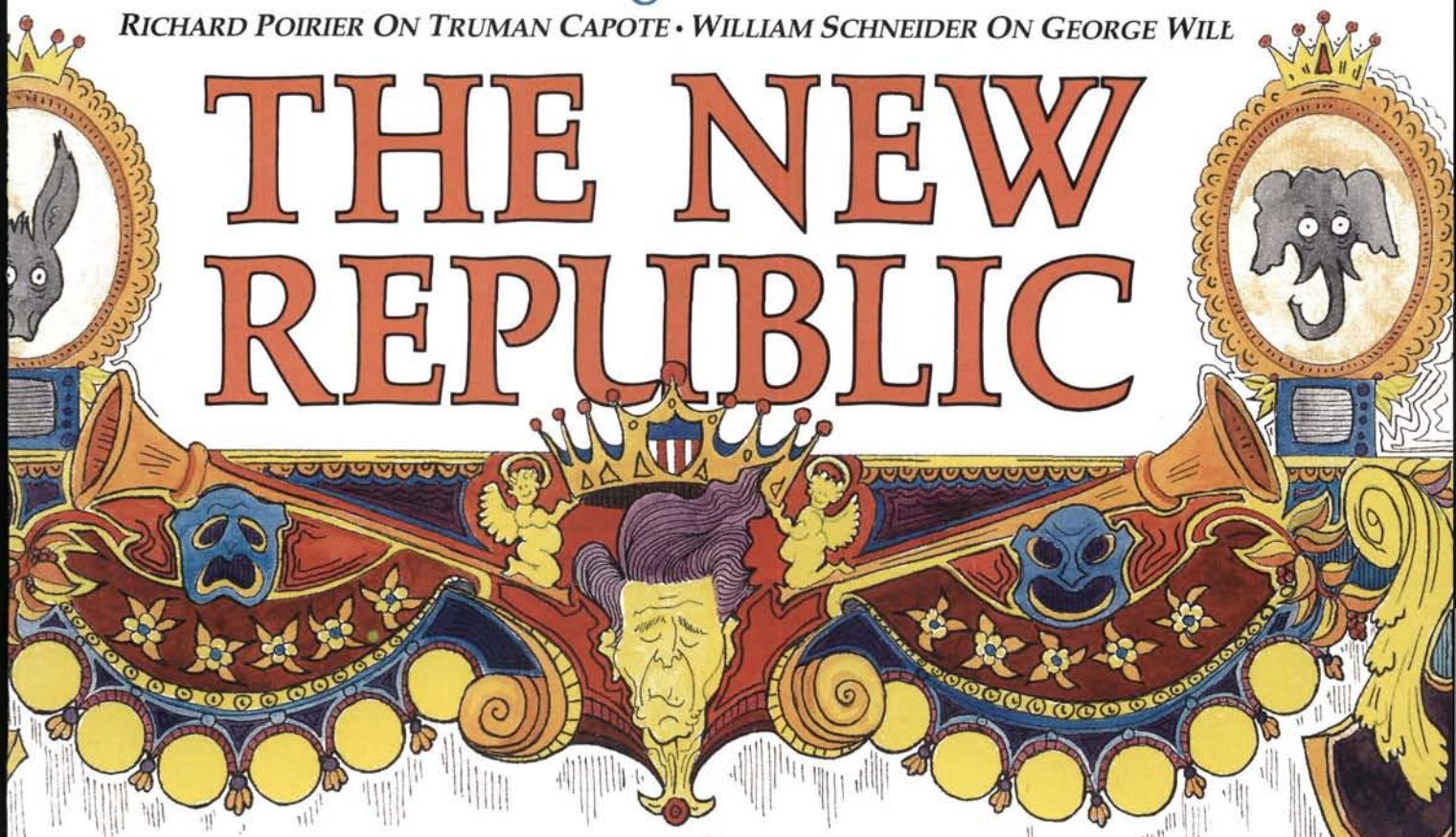
THE NEW REPUBLIC



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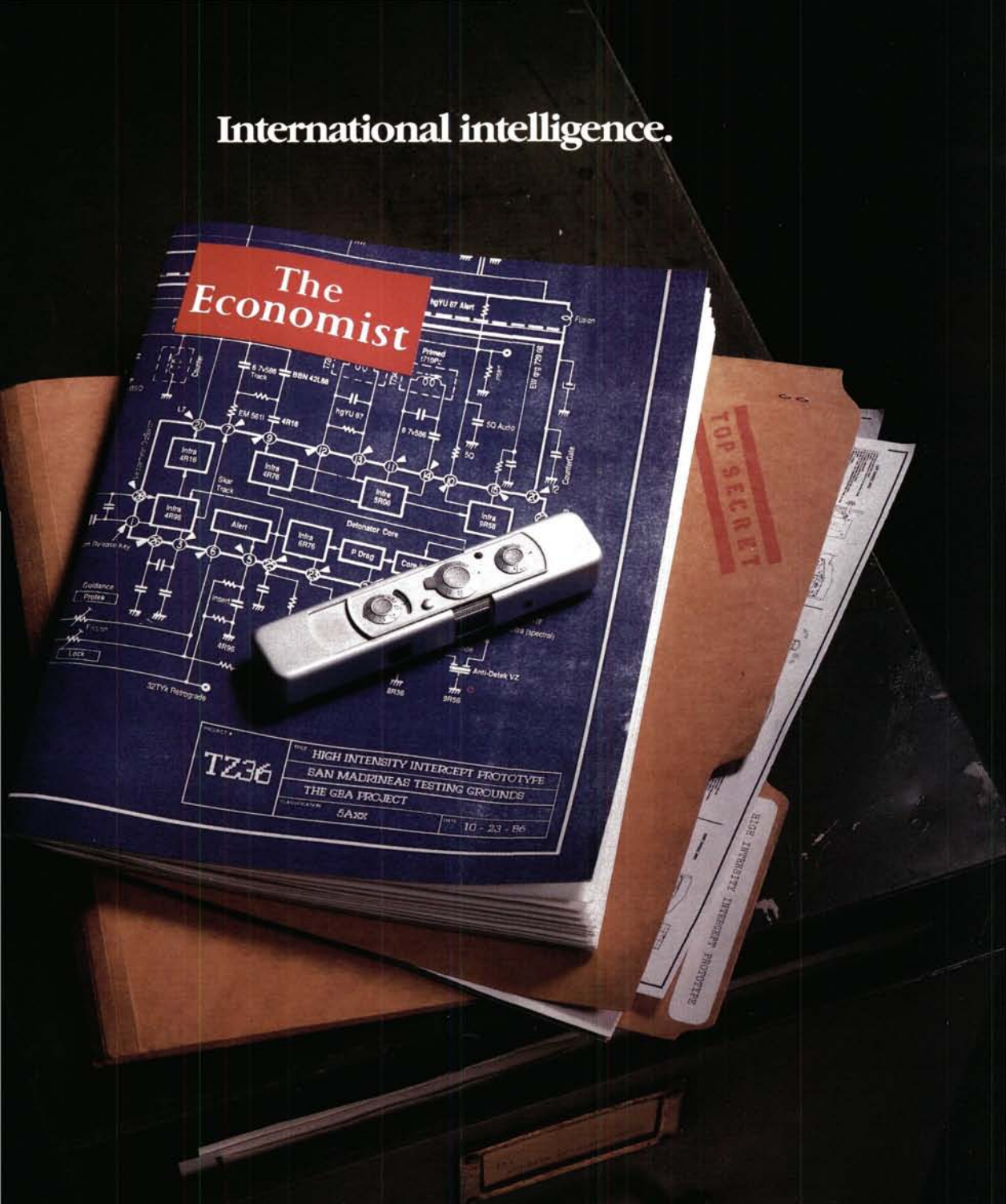

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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FROM WASHINGTON

POLES AT THE POLLS

There was Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski on television the other night, looking like a skeleton as usual and sporting his trademark dark sunglasses—all in all, no one's idea of the compleat modern pol. (Media consultant: "First of all, Wojy, the shades have gotta go—*eye contact*, baby!") Despite appearances, he was doing his wooden best at a classic ritual of contemporary democracy: the candidate flinging back the curtain and waving at the cameras as he emerges from the voting booth.

Jaruzelski wasn't running personally, but he lost. In what is apparently a first for a Communist country, the citizens of Poland were offered the opportunity to vote on the Jaruzelski government's proposed austerity plan to revive the Polish economy. In an even more amazing first, they rejected it. But there are ironies to be savored along with this triumph.

First, the austerity plan, featuring huge price increases on basic necessities, was actually part of a *perestroika*-style move toward free market capitalism. It was accompanied by a second referendum on something described as "the Polish model of deep democratization," which apparently meant some form of shallow democratization. That one lost too.

In fact, the austerity and the economic reforms go together. If you want to introduce market incentives and untangle an economy strangling on socialism, you must allow prices to find their own level. The hope, undoubtedly justified, is that after what the referendum itself described, in language verging on frankness, as "a difficult two-to-three-year period of rapid change," free markets will do their stuff and everyone will be better off.

The austerity and the democratization go together too. Critics of the referendum, according to the *Washington Post*, "contended that the balloting amounted to an attempt to make Poles feel obliged to accept price increases. . . ." Undoubtedly true. But legitimizing unpleasant social decisions by having the people decide for themselves isn't a trick. It's one of democracy's genuine strengths.

The Poles apparently did not think a bit of economic and political freedom was worth the severe increases in food and fuel prices that would result from a taste of market reality. Or is that unfair? Perhaps. The Polish standard of living is already the grimmest in Europe. The failure of the referendum can also be seen as support for Solidarity, which opposed it, and as an understandable, indeed inspiring, repudiation of the government that proposed it. Surely, though, at least one element in the referendum's defeat is that after two generations, many Poles have grown—if not comfortable—at least settled in their shabby socialist cocoon, and wearily fearful of venturing outside it. Some say that's just what the government intended to demonstrate.

But wait. Jaruzelski didn't really lose the election. By the standards of any recent American election, the Polish referendum was actually a landslide endorsement of the government. Under Polish election law, a proposal must carry an absolute majority of eligible voters, not just a majority of those who vote. Ordinarily, as in most Communist countries, this is no problem. Everyone votes, and everyone votes yes because it's the only choice, or at least the only prudent one. In this case, however, only about two-thirds of eligible voters turned out, and only about two-thirds of them approved the referendum. Thus only 44 percent supported the referendum, and it lost.

By contrast, in the 1984 presidential election in this country, 53 percent of eligible voters turned out and 59 percent of them voted for President Reagan, giving him a total of only 31 percent of the electorate. This was universally interpreted as a landslide endorsement of the incumbent and a "mandate" for a wide variety of conservative policies, many of which were never mentioned in the entire course of the campaign. In 1986 only 37 percent of the electorate voted, meaning that by Polish standards the entire federal government has actually been rejected by the voters.

This is not a sermon about voter turnout. The freedom to be complacent and apathetic is an important part of the American model of deep democratization, which runs a hell of a lot deeper than the Polish model. Nevertheless, it's interesting to contemplate what would happen if American citizens were offered the chance to vote on a dose of economic reality—two or three years of "difficult change" leading to greater prosperity in the long run. Something like that, of course, on a much more modest level, is exactly what we need and exactly what our own democratic system seems unable to offer even as an option.

There isn't much mystery about the fate of such a referendum in the United States. Indeed the same day's paper that reported the Polish referendum results also reported a new *New York Times*/CBS News poll that spells this out all too clearly. Americans believe by almost 4-to-1 that the government should "guarantee medical care for all people." By almost 3-to-1 they believe that the government should "see to it that everyone who wants a job has a job." By almost 2-to-1 they even think the government should provide day care for children. Yet by almost 2-to-1 they are unwilling to pay more federal taxes for all these fine things, unwilling to see cuts in social programs, and (by more than 3-to-1) unwilling to limit cost-of-living allowances for Social Security. And, oh yes, by more than 5-to-1 they favor a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced federal budget.

Imagine the response if Americans were told that a sensible plan for economic recovery would require a tripling of heating oil prices, and a more than doubling of prices for meat, bread, and milk? (As it happens, our particular form of economic insanity is to keep food prices artificially *high*, not low, as a subsidy to farmers.) Forty-four percent of the voters would be more likely to rise up and overthrow the government than to support such a proposal. There is hardly a politician out there who dares to propose a ten percent increase in the price of gasoline.

By the standards of Americans, then, the citizens of Poland are paragons of democratic capitalist fortitude. Our cocoon is a lot more comfortable than theirs, and no one is even attempting to entice us out of it.

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For Low-Paid Workers

"When the hard-working people in Mississippi's growing catfish processing industry wanted a union to improve their living and working conditions, they looked to the United Food & Commercial Workers.

These workers, most of them black women, wanted a democratic union with the clout to negotiate a contract in the Delta where unions are few and far between. With pay at the minimum wage, little opportunity for promotion, and no pension, the catfish workers wanted a better future for themselves and their families.

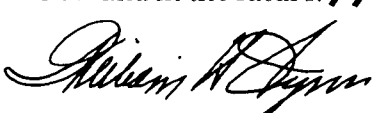
Most of all, they sought dignity. They wanted to be treated like human beings, not like part of their plants' machinery. They wanted courtesies most Americans take for granted—such as time to go to the bathroom and doors on bathroom stalls.

Catfish workers are like many others in today's economy who are looking to the UFCW to help them out of the trap of poverty which is compounded by a lack of benefits most Americans receive from their employers. Hispanic poultry workers in the Sacramento Valley and their black counterparts on Maryland's Eastern Shore and nursing home workers in Birmingham, Alabama and around the country are just some of the low-paid workers who've become members of the UFCW in search of a better future.

Often, the hard labor of these workers is further demeaned by oppressive employer policies, reinforced by reactionary community attitudes and complicated by language and cultural barriers.

The UFCW is proud of its organizing record throughout North America, but we take special pride in bringing the benefits of union membership to the lowest paid and most oppressed workers in our society.

The UFCW's efforts are paying off for these workers in union contracts that will make a real difference in the quality of their lives for themselves and their families—now and in the future."



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CORRESPONDENCE

HAITI'S OTHER SIDE

To the editors:

Michael Massing's article ("While Haiti Burns," November 16) not only distorts the National Democratic Institute's programs, but also manages to patronize courageous Haitians. It is demoralizing to those associated with NDI, who have worked so hard in Haiti and risked their own well-being, to have a prestigious journal misrepresent and trivialize our efforts. Our hope is that your readers will see through an article that has the temerity to suggest that the death of a brave Haitian politician was in some way connected with an NDI seminar that unrealistically taught him to "barnstorm" for votes. Louis Athis, who lost his life a few weeks later, wrote to thank NDI in June, expressing hope that "you believe you did not sow in arid land." It is an insult to Athis's memory to suggest that this seasoned organizer needed NDI to tell him the importance of reaching out to his people.

Those in Haiti who are seeking a new democratic beginning would echo Massing's call for "fundamental social and economic change." But, apparently unlike Massing, they believe that real change is more likely under a political system that recognizes the worth of the individual citizen.

As we told Massing, and he chose to ignore, NDI has not attempted to apply modern American political techniques in Haiti. Rather we have worked with foreign political parties that operate in similar environments to improve the basic understanding of the purpose of political parties and to strengthen the electoral process. Massing chose to disparage this, but not once does he even suggest that he asked our Haitian colleagues whether they benefitted. Perhaps if he stayed in Haiti longer, Massing might have had his abject cynicism tempered by exposure to someone other than the only Haitian he chose to quote in depth, a gang leader named "Boom-Boom."

BRIAN ATWOOD
President, National Democratic Institute for Democratic Affairs
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

Michael Massing seems to think "Land for the Peasants: Carving Up the Countryside" might be a remedy for something in Haiti. Better land use is vital, but one of Haiti's problems has been the tiny, uneconomic plots of land inherited by peasants and continually redivided so that they no longer support anybody. A serious treatment of this issue might deal with how the plantation cliché doesn't apply in Haiti.

He also discusses Marc Bazin, a presidential candidate whom I interviewed a year ago. He seems to lump him with the candidates "advanced in years, dry of manner," implies he is "the American candidate," and quotes one authority, the "powerfully built" Boom-Boom, as calling him a Macoute. In fact, Bazin returned from exile as a minister in an attempt to keep Baby Doc's finances honest; he was run out of the country by the Macoutes who controlled the Duvalier kleptocracy. He has now again given up a comfortable life abroad for a risky and daunting task. Massing's treatment of a courageous man is unworthy.

HERBERT GOLD
San Francisco, California

Michael Massing replies:

In describing the fate of poor Athis, I was attempting to show how political conditions in Haiti differ from those in the United States. To accuse me of blaming NDI for his death is ludicrous. Mr. Atwood is simply wrong in claiming that NDI shuns American-style campaign techniques; its workshop last year devoted a full session to the subject. As for my remarks about land for the peasants, I was referring to the fact that few farmers hold title to their land—which has badly hurt production. Had Mr. Gold been in Haiti recently, he would have realized that Bazin has been dubbed the "American candidate" not by me, but by a broad section of the Haitian people turned off by his many years of service to the World Bank.

EXAMINING THE TAXES

To the editors:

Lawrence Summers's proposed change in the tax accounting for advertising expenditures ("A Few Good Taxes," November 30) would discriminate against small firms, labor-intensive service industries, and businesses that rely upon new product introductions. Advertising is the slingshot with which we Davids attempt to slay the corporate Goliaths. Maybe Mobil Oil, buying puff-piece editorial space, looks for a payback over a number of years, but down here in the fashion footwear business, we expect that a dollar spent today in marketing will pay off tomorrow morning. Equipment? What equipment? We design the product, license it or source it overseas, and market the hell out of it. Everybody isn't drilling for oil or making aircraft, you know.

GEORGE EAGER
New York, New York

To the editors:

I would add one more to Lawrence Summers's list of "A Few Good Taxes": a tax on tort litigation. Accept the principle that filing a lawsuit creates an economic hardship, for which society has the right to be compensated. A filing tax of perhaps two percent of the amount requested by a plaintiff would markedly curtail nuisance lawsuits, while having little or no effect on suits that are justified. A $1 million nuisance lawsuit would thus carry a $20,000 filing fee, prohibitive for a plaintiff who is seeking to intimidate an insuror and has only a small chance of getting even the amount of the fee from a jury. A $1 million suit considered fully justified by a jury would carry the same filing fee, but this would be only a drop in the bucket to the successful plaintiff.

RICHARD DRISCOLL
Knoxville, Tennessee

OUR OWN UNDUELING

To the editors:

I call to your attention one of those oxymorons spotted in a national magazine:

"The op-ed idea that Bush has been Tarzanized because he called du Pont by his given name is Beltwayitis of the most eye-glazing kind."

—THE NEW REPUBLIC, November 23, page 8

"[Bush's] sarcastic 'Pierre, let me help you' was the evening's knockout punch, the equivalent of Reagan's 'there you go again' in the 1980 debate with Jimmy Carter."

—same publication, same issue, page 16

STUART E. THIEL
Pullman, Washington

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
DECEMBER 21, 1987

VOODOO FOREIGN POLICY

There is little doubt that the terror waged against Haiti's first election in 30 years was orchestrated in part by the regime supported by the United States. According to first-hand reports, the army of the provisional government acquiesced in, abetted, and even independently carried out the carnage of the last weekend in November.

The military first revealed its lack of enthusiasm for democracy last July when it usurped the powers of the independent election commission, arrested union leaders, and then brutally attempted to put down the general strike that followed. After the success of the strike—itself a remarkable testimony to the popularity of the new constitution—the government tried another tack. The commission was reinstated but left defenseless against the violence of the Tonton Macoutes, those leftover thugs from the Duvalier regime that was toppled in 1985. Election day's government-tolerated violence against voters was the logical conclusion of this strategy. Its purpose is clear: to allow elections that can be safely manipulated by the military-dominated provisional regime, or have no elections at all.

To some, the events in Haiti merely confirm suspicions that democracy is impossible in such turbulent countries. Realists on the right and pessimists on the left concur that Haiti's social inequalities and history of instability make it stony ground for a democratic revolution. They draw a picture of an almost psychotically violent country, influenced by voodoo, unsettled by radical Catholic clergy, wracked with the hatreds generated by a generation of tyranny. They also point out that liberalization of the economy, as encouraged by the U.S. in recent months, has further destabilized the country, by exposing its internal markets to fierce foreign competition and provoking violent clashes between farmers and importers.

Much of this may be true. Building a middle class between the worst poverty and one of the most corrupt elites in the hemisphere will take something of a political and economic miracle. But skeptics might look to the summer's general strike and the events of November if they doubt the morality—and feasibility—of such an attempt. Ordinary Haitians, the majority of whom had no inkling of what democracy can mean and no actual experience of how democracy works, turned out to protest and to vote in the midst of appalling terror.

In the face of this textbook case of popular democratic insurgency, the Reagan administration has turned suddenly pragmatic. The sight of people being gunned down at the ballot box a short plane ride from Miami is apparently not one to stir the interventionist fervor of Latin America point man Elliott Abrams. The scourge of Grenada and Nicaragua has suddenly become the wimp of the Caribbean: "What we are doing now is what we can to get the election back on track. If that proves to be impossible, it won't be for lack of U.S. government efforts," Abrams told the *New York Times*. Those efforts amounted to public silence this summer as the provisional government slid purposefully into tyranny. In defending this policy, Abrams even smugly proclaimed: "I wouldn't say [the suspension of elections] took us by surprise. We were always aware of the dangers and never thought the election was a sure thing." As for that vulgar idea called intervention, "Even to discuss it runs the risk of adding fuel to the problems in Haiti." Can you imagine what he would be saying if the Tonton Macoutes were Communists?

Haiti is evidence that the administration's vaunted posture of supporting democracy whether against right-wing or left-wing dictators is as cynical as its critics have claimed. The Grenada parallel is particularly revealing. Abrams says the situation is "just not comparable." He's right. Unlike Grenada when U.S. troops invaded to protect 622 putatively threatened Americans, Haiti has over 6,000 Americans in real danger of their lives. Last spring, the wife of a U.S. Embassy official was stabbed in the U.S. consulate. This summer, a Peace Corps volunteer was killed. Over the last week, journalists, American aid workers, and observers were the victims of vicious attacks.

But, as in Grenada, the real reasons for intervention have little to do with American lives. Here is a nascent democracy being openly quashed by some factions of the army and remnants of the old dictatorship. There is overwhelming support for democracy. And there are no other

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mechanisms for pressure upon the regime. Military aid has been cut off, and ending humanitarian aid would merely intensify the misery of ordinary Haitians. Quiet pressure, as the last few months have shown, has no chance of affecting the determination of the military to abuse democratic procedures. Some form of military intervention to police the elections is the only option we have left. There's a clear precedent: the Dominican Republic, with which Haiti shares an island. In 1962 the first free elections in 40 years were hijacked by a rightist coup. In 1965 President Lyndon Johnson sent in 9,000 American troops who, together with 2,000 foreign soldiers, presided over a restoration of free elections. The democracy that was constructed is still in place.

It would be preferable, of course, if the intervention were led by the Organization of American States or were a joint Canadian-French-American force. The point here, though, is that neither of these operations is likely to happen. To make a threat of intervention credible, the U.S. has to be prepared to act alone. Such a threat, with luck, could be enough to scare the regime into rescheduling elections, protecting them adequately, and allowing them to be verified by independent observers.

The danger is that intervention could intensify already inflamed anti-U.S. sentiment on the island. But today's anti-Americanism is caused mainly by perceived U.S. support for the junta: a clear reversal might actually ease the problem. The real worry from the Reagan administration's point of view is an entangling military commitment without any obvious strategic interest to defend. All that's at stake in Haiti is democracy, and so far the Reagan record in building that—Grenada, the Philippines, the Duvalier overthrow—rests on quick, easy, and cheap initiatives. Now the issue is a moral and intractable one, and the test is of a different order. Sure enough, the administration looks like it's flunking it. □

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	DON'T GET MAD GET EVEN	*	8
2.	BUCK DANCE	1	7
3.	GIVE ME LIMBO	3	2
4.	TABLEAU NOIR	*	2
5.	CHARACTER FLAWS	*	24
6.	WELCOME TO CARD TIMES	—	1
7.	DRESS RIGHT, DRESS!	—	1
8.	I'M MAD AS HELL	—	1
9.	WHEN I'M 64	*	3
10.	A WINTER'S AIL	—	1

1. DON'T GET MAD GET EVEN

Summit. Never mind INF. Conservatives are bracing for the *next* treaty. The debate only now beginning is where is the U.S. going? Reagan and Gorbachev are encouraging a post-MAD, post-nuclear world. But are U.S. actions shaped by a post-nuclear strategy, or is this ad hoc? Reagan has a history of actions bereft of apparent policy or much public discourse, but this time a strong camp of Strangeloves is gathering.

2. BUCK DANCE

Confidence. Consumers say they don't care about the crash, but who believes them? Scared retailers have slashed prices early, November buying was down, and Wall Street's jumpy about it. A recent ad recall poll was ominous. Consumers usually remember expensive ad campaigns. Last month, many focused on the *classifieds*, implying a growing willingness to buy secondhand.

3. GIVE ME LIMBO

Marielitos. The U.S. streak of knee-jerk empathy has been on display in the Marielito crisis. Debate has centered on the Cubans' rights and their preference of jail to Castro. But nearly all the freedom-loving detainees were free here, and the result has been serious crime: murder, rape, kidnapping, burglary. This story has been shaped by Castro's bogeyman status.

4. TABLEAU NOIR

Haiti. What became of the Winds of Freedom blowing through Haiti and the Philippines? From the U.S. perspective, what happened is the popping of an American myth that pops regularly. Americans like to think a powerful democratic middle waits inside every oppressed society. When dictators go and a Golden Middle doesn't assert itself, we always appear surprised or disappointed.

5. CHARACTER FLAWS

1988. What's the floundering Democrats' biggest problem? Their race lacks dramatic structure. News as a popular art exploits classical narrative forms; their absence diminishes a story. Look at the GOP: a protagonist, a rival, a chorus of minor characters; simple conflict. The GOP race is focused, and so is the coverage. The Dems badly need a leading character. It would help them all.

6. WELCOME TO CARD TIMES

Debit cards. The cashless society has arrived. Businesses are experimenting with the debit sale, which involves direct transfer from your bank account. Debit cards turn the gas station or the Wendy's into an ATM; you can even make withdrawals. This is the end of the check, at least for retail purchases.

7. DRESS RIGHT, DRESS!

School uniforms. School uniforms are turning up, especially in cities. Administrators, citing better behavior and study habits, seem delighted. There's a potential trade-off in such a policy; clothes are a form of social control. The culture is usually sensitive to anything remotely totalitarian, except where its proles are concerned. Then it thinks in terms of social order.

8. I'M MAD AS HELL

Confrontational TV. The coming format in low-end TV syndication is insulting talk shows featuring froth-at-the-mouth hosts and real audience fistfights. On radio, the shock-jock formula has been a big moneymaker for years. Audiences love titillation, but the shock envelope must be stretched constantly to forestall boredom. The late Joe Pyne had nothing on Morton Downey Jr.

9. WHEN I'M 64

Decrepit boomers. The first wave of magazines targeting boomers as old people has broken. One is positioned for women willing to regard themselves as, um, mature, while two others approach boomers as a group fascinated by its own memories (of old Top 40 acts and old news). Appeals to the aging are in an early stage; they'll eventually swamp the culture.

10. A WINTER'S AIL

SAD. Ever get the winter blahs? Feel slowed down, depressed, can't get much done? Maybe you've got Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD). According to the problem, you're reacting to the diminished light of the season, perhaps even to the angle of the winter sun. SAD is getting an increasing amount of study and attention, but in the meantime, turn on the lights.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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NOTEBOOK

☐ THAT WAS QUICK:

Economy appears healthy

U-M forecasters paint rosy picture

By Kathleen Kerwin

—*Detroit News*, November 20, page 3

Sluggish economy forecast

By Kathleen Kerwin

—same paper, same day, (same author!) page 6

(thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cullen, Dearborn, Michigan)

☐ COMRADE, GET ME REWRITE . . . From the opening sentences of the American edition of *Perestroika* by Mikhail Gorbachev (Harper & Row):

> The purpose of this book is to talk without intermediaries to the citizens of the whole world about things that, without exception, concern us all. I have written this book because I believe in their common sense. I am convinced that they, like me, worry about the future of our planet.

From the first paragraph of the Hungarian edition:

> In our work and worries, we are motivated by those Leninist ideals and noble endeavors and goals which mobilized the workers of Russia seven decades ago to fight for the new and happy world of socialism. *Perestroika* is a continuation of the October Revolution.

(thanks to Stephen Sestanovich, Washington, D.C.)

CAMPAIGN '88

TUESDAY NIGHT PATBALL

A COUPLE OF thousand years from now, perhaps, when faint electronic signals from this corner of the galaxy are picked up on some distant world, the alien exobiologist assigned to decipher them may well conclude that there once was a planet called Earth and that it was ruled by a man named Brokaw. It's hard to imagine a more powerful symbol of television's new political primacy than the NBC anchorman's back-to-back nights of glory. On December 1 he imperiously asked a gaggle of politicians why they thought they were qualified for the honor of sitting across the table from Mikhail Gorbachev. Someone had actually sat across that table just the night before, and that someone was Tom Brokaw. Maybe the politicians are seeking the wrong job.

Brokaw was the most obvious "winner" of Tuesday evening's two-hour extravaganza, but he wasn't the only one. As in Houston on October 28, George Bush won by default on the Republican side, and again for the same reason: he is the only candidate of his party who unequivocally supports the wildly popular Euromissile arms control treaty. On other subjects, however, the vice president was not so impressive. His gee-whiz side seems to be acting up again. "Can I say something on this Ollie North thing?" was how he began one comment, which ended with the observation that sure, North and Poindexter "did some things wrong," but "I don't want to let these guys [the Democrats, not the Iranamok gang] off by just criticizing all the time two patriotic people."

Bob Dole, for his part, made it clearer than before that his suspension of judgment on the treaty is simply a matter of senatorial ritual, and that he'll be for it in the end: "I've never let the president down yet, but I have a right to read and study and have my experts take a look at this thing." Al Haig—whose overall performance was surprisingly good—was murkier. On the one hand, "It's too late to scuttle what has already happened"; on the other, "It seems to me we need some absolute preconditions," including solving the problems of strategic nuclear weapons and conventional force imbalances in Europe. Since there is no chance these "preconditions" can be met, it will require some powerful Haigspeak for the general to talk himself around to supporting the treaty.

PART OF the format called for the candidates to ask each other questions. Most of these were what Haig called "patballs," but his own, directed at Bush, was not: "George, you've claimed to be the co-pilot of this administration, and we've known that on occasion you were the pilot. The president put you in charge of the task force to deal with terrorism. One of the recommendations of that task force was that we will never engage in paying blackmail to terrorists. Now, where were you when the administration made a decision to do precisely that? Were you in the cockpit or were you in an economy ride in the back of the plane?" Bush's rather lame answer included this weird boast: "I wrote the anti-terror report. It was the best anti-terror report that any country has ever had." The best *darn* anti-terror report, you could almost hear him say.

Pierre S. du Pont IV got to be Pete all night long, as he, Jack Kemp, and Pat Robertson fought over the crumbs at the far right end of the table. Kemp forthrightly called for pardoning North and Poindexter. Robertson announced in shocked tones his discovery that "the Soviets, in my estimation, have been trying to undermine NATO for years." He added later that he "would believe in the Great Pumpkin and the tooth fairy" before he'd trust the Communists—not so unthinkable an eventuality, given that he already believes that TV evangelists can divert hurricanes.

On the Democratic side, Michael Dukakis was able to float above the battle, saying little of note but project-

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ing calmness and stability. Al Gore was the most impressive of the bunch. He was cogent (as he showed in a well-constructed verbal essay on how to achieve savings at the Pentagon), passionate (as in a denunciation of official inaction on AIDS), and even mildly witty. When Jesse Jackson began a question to Gore, "Since I'm the Southern candidate," Gore shot back, "South Chicago"—earning a laugh and a handshake from Jackson. Under pressure from Gore (and from the Republicans in the wings), the other Democrats sounded a bit more hawkish than usual. Even Jackson, who now swims in the mainstream like Mao in the Yangtze, said he wouldn't deflag the Kuwaiti tankers.

Paul Simon had perhaps the most to lose, and by and large he lost it. He was unable to give a plausible answer to the question of where he would get the money to pay for the many New Deal-style programs he has proposed. Richard Gephardt, who designated himself to lead the attack on Simon ("Simonomics is really Reaganomics with a bow tie"), damaged both himself and his target in the process. Bruce Babbitt, with nothing to lose, tried a bit of stage business: he climaxed his call for the candidates to "stand up" to the budget deficit issue by literally standing up. It was hokey and it cost him a bit in the dignity sweepstakes, but at six foot three, at least he couldn't be ignored.

Jackson, in his remarks on AIDS, made this point: "The last night on earth of Jesus the Christ, he stayed with Simon the leper, who was quarantined with the so-called sin sickness of his day." At the word "Simon," the incredibly alert NBC director instantly switched to a shot of the senator from Illinois. Poor guy. He was better off when they confused him with the singer.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Summit, I.

DEAR RON

MR. PRESIDENT, treaty-signing summits with the Soviets are always dangerous for American presidents. Whether they were laying groundwork for ratification battles in the Senate, or trying to secure their places in history, or just got caught up in the spirit of the thing, Richard Nixon and Jimmy Carter oversold the prospects for U.S.-Soviet friendship. They encouraged us Americans to forget that superpower competition basically concerns the destiny of mankind: whether it will live in slavery or freedom. We got reminded when the Soviets began a massive missile buildup and again when they invaded Afghanistan.

For you, certainly more of an optimist and romantic than Nixon, this summit could be especially dangerous. Mikhail Gorbachev seems to be just the sort of Soviet leader America has been waiting for—an internal reformer who wants a respite from East-West friction, and who seems to understand the yearnings of mankind for peace, economic development, and a better life. Gorbachev's new book, *Perestroika*, sounds as if it were co-written with Willy Brandt and the ghost of Woodrow Wilson, calling for nuclear disarmament, open dealing among nations, and conversion of war machines to the solution of global health and environmental problems.

SO my first piece of advice is to reread some reports by human rights groups such as Helsinki Watch or Freedom House on what the Soviets have been doing in Afghanistan since Gorbachev came to power in March 1985. Massacres of civilians, systematic torture, burning of villages, kidnapping of Afghan children for re-education in the Soviet Union, bombing of refugee camps in Pakistan, use of bombs disguised as children's toys—it hasn't stopped.

You appreciate anecdotes, so here is a recent one. At the end of January, according to the just-issued report of the Independent Counsel on International Human Rights, 20 refugee families, 150 to 200 people, were making their way through the Registan desert toward Pakistan. They were pounced on by Soviet troops in four helicopters. Two survivors reported that the Soviets built a bonfire out of the families' belongings. Then they threw the people, one by one, into the fire. Other refugees at the Quetta camp in Pakistan confirmed that the ashes could be seen in the desert months afterward.

Gorbachev says he wants to get Soviet troops out of Afghanistan. In his book, he says that "the time is ripe for abandoning views on foreign policy which are influenced by an imperial standpoint. Neither the Soviet Union nor the United States is able to force its will on others. . . . From the view of big-time politics, no one will be able to subordinate others." This is all part of "new political thinking." And yet, Gorbachev is completely disingenuous when he talks about how the Soviet Union actually behaves.

In his interview on NBC, Gorbachev flat lied about how Soviet troops came to be in Afghanistan. He claimed that a new, modernizing regime came to power that was beset by "interference from the outside," and "they appealed to us for help in that very difficult period" and "we introduced a limited contingent of troops, and we never have increased it." In fact, on December 24, 1979, the Soviets invaded first, had mildly independent Marxist President Hafizullah Amin assassinated, and replaced him with a Soviet puppet. They started with 60,000 troops and now have 115,000.

Though Gorbachev touts *glasnost*, it's almost laughable how his book treats the bloody Soviet invasions of Hungary and Czechoslovakia and the military crackdown in Poland. He never mentions force or tanks. All he says is that "some Socialist countries went through serious crises in their development. . . . They were dealt with differently." In recent speeches, Gorbachev has promised to treat Eastern European countries with "unconditional and full equality," and he is giving them the right to experiment in economics. But he has come nowhere near abandoning the Brezhnev Doctrine that no one can leave the Socialist orbit, and he makes it clear that the "ruling party" is to keep

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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on ruling. In explaining the Berlin Wall to Tom Brokaw, Gorbachev said, "It is the sovereign right of a sovereign state . . . to defend and protect its choice" of systems. That is to say, rights belong to states, not to individuals.

So, Mr. President, don't forget now what you've always believed about Communists: they do lie and they have no intention of permitting what we would call democracy within their empire. Does that mean we can't deal with them? No, but it does mean, as you've always held, that we need to bargain from strength. You're about to sign the INF treaty precisely because you held firm on Pershing II deployment, and a START deal is within reach because you created SDI.

Yet, besides getting into good bargaining position, it's important to know what you want in the bargain, and here some very wise people wonder whether you're off the track. Specifically, Henry Kissinger and former national security adviser Brent Scowcroft are concerned that the zero-zero INF treaty will inevitably lead to pressure for zero nuclear weapons in Europe, forcing our allies to live under the intimidation of Warsaw Pact conventional superiority. They are also concerned that you may agree to a START deal that leaves the United States more vulnerable than it is today.

Kissinger thinks you and your top advisers have very nearly adopted the Soviet negotiating agenda, making nuclear disarmament the centerpiece of East-West diplomacy instead of conventional forces and political issues. Kissinger says that for four years he never believed you when you said that you wanted to abolish nuclear weapons altogether. Ever since the Reykjavik summit, he's been scared that you mean it.

I guess everyone hopes, ultimately, that we can do away with nuclear weapons. Presidents seem to feel the nuclear burden especially. To your credit, you dream about putting up a defensive shield to maintain U.S. security. But, Mr. President, nukes have kept the peace for

GLASNOST TV-GUIDE

"The general secretary will be no more than the first among equals . . ." —Dimitri Simes, *Christian Science Monitor*, March 18, 1985

"And most important, he [Gorbachev] does not assume power as only the first among equals . . ." —William Hyland, *Foreign Affairs*, Spring 1985

Perplexed by *perestroika*? Glazed by *glasnost*? With this week's Washington summit—the world series of Sovietology—the American Gorbachev industry is gearing itself for even more enlightening oped and TV comment. To help you navigate the fog of U.S. Kremlinology, here's a rough and uncomprehensive viewer's guide to the Politburo pundits—their strengths, weaknesses, and biases—based on a survey of Soviet experts themselves and the people who book them on the networks.

Left Field: The team captain is Princeton's Stephen Cohen. Through his columns in the *Nation* and frequent network appearances, Cohen has gained a reputation as the most articulate spokesman for a return to '70s-style détente. Cohen says he does not think of himself as a "Left-Wing Sovietologist," and compares his views on détente to those of the Nixon administration. Duke University professor and Brookings Institute analyst Jerry Hough gives Cohen a run for his money as leader of the liberal pack, but Cohen's knack for speaking in shorter sentences makes him more popular on TV. Hough's professional prestige, though, is still high: most academics admit that Hough, and Hough alone, predicted not only Gorbachev's eventual rise from the ranks as the leader of the new generation, but also the far-reaching nature of his reformist intentions. A week after Gorbachev took over, Hough warned that the United States would have only "six months to make the necessary adjustment in its policy" and this would "require great flexibility." Writing in the *World Policy Journal*, Hough has insisted that "the back of the conservative opposition [to Gorbachev] has been broken." He gets the ultimate professional accolade from conservative Dimitri Simes: "Perhaps more than anyone in the field today, Hough has helped to shape fundamental attitudes about Soviet domestic politics. And in my opinion, he has pushed the field in a completely erroneous direction." Oxford don Archie Brown also weighs in on this side, and when he feels up to it, so does the reconstructed dove and all-time MVP of postwar Soviet studies, George Kennan. On strictly military matters, former British naval officer Michael MccGwire, currently a Brookings fellow, has published an incredibly dense analysis of the evolution of Soviet military doctrine that puts him squarely on the side of the doves.

Center Left: Seweryn Bialer is the man to beat here. He's a former high Polish Communist official, responsible for "anti-Western and anti-American propaganda," and now a professor at Columbia with what are widely recognized as the best sources in the U.S.S.R., some of which are thought to hail from the Politburo. He's also deemed a hot academic property on the connections between Soviet domestic and foreign policy. What makes Bialer's status so ironic, however, is the fact that he published a major book not long after Gorbachev took over, in which he argued: "Gorbachev and his team do not intend at all in the foreseeable future to engage in systemic changes . . . necessary to reverse the negative trend of Soviet socioeconomic growth." Bialer's view, however, has undergone a little *perestroika* lately. In the current *Foreign Policy*, he notes that Gorbachev's "intention is to restructure dramatically the inherited Stalinist system of . . . economic decisionmaking." Robert Legvold, director of the Harriman Institute at Columbia University, is the clear insiders' choice, but is penalized in the public arena by his sparse publishing history and his refusal to turn his analysis into policy proposals. Marshall Shulman's stock

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40 years and a population-protecting SDI system is at least 40 years away, so the era of deterrence must continue. At this summit, please do not repeat the mistake of Reykjavik and agree to the abolition of nuclear missiles. Gorbachev will not save you, this time, by making unacceptable demands to end Star Wars research.

At this summit, he will be more clever. All he is going to ask for is an extension of the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty for eight or ten years. That will ban deployment of SDI, and Gorbachev will leave it to Congress to enforce the so-called "narrow interpretation" of the treaty, which forbids space testing of components.

If you agree to START, you are likely to confine SDI within very limited research limits. Do you really want to do that? In return for what? You and your top advisers have accepted the idea first advanced by Richard Perle and other hawks that a 50 percent reduction in offensive nuclear weapons is a goal worth achieving. But Kissinger and Scowcroft point out that if you get overeager for a place in history and aren't careful, U.S. land-based missiles may become more vulnerable, and the United States will have fewer strategic submarines with which to guarantee an invulnerable second-strike capability.

At Reykjavik, you and Gorbachev agreed to cut strategic warheads down to 6,000 on each side. Under the Soviet proposal, we'd be allowed only 1,800 to 2,000 submarine warheads—which is to say, only about ten Trident boats with 24 missiles aboard, if each has eight warheads. Under our own proposal, we could have more boats—probably 18—but that's still a lot fewer to dodge Soviet attack subs (which can be built on an unlimited basis) than the 35 we've got now. Meanwhile, according to Scowcroft's analysis, probable reductions in land-based missiles would mean that the ratio of Soviet warheads to U.S. missiles would rise from 3-to-1 at present to 5-to-1 under START, making us more subject to a knockout strike.

seems to have slipped since the collapse of the Carter/Vance Soviet policies of which he was a principal architect. Raymond Garthoff at Brookings is also on the team, although no one is quite sure how his 1,000-plus-page study of détente turns out in the end. Most ex-Moscow correspondents, particularly the army who have written memoirs, also end up in this category. Among those most booked are Robert Kaiser of the *Post*, Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times Magazine*, and Strobe Talbott of *Time*.

Center Right: A large portion of this team is dominated by ex-Kissinger hands. Currently on top is *Foreign Affairs* editor William Hyland, the clear talk-show champion. According to David Shapiro of *MacNeil/Lehrer*, Hyland's blend of hands-on policy experience in the CIA and the NSC coupled with his forthright manner and independent analysis make him the top draw of the moderate hard-liners. He is joined by his former colleague Helmut Sonnenfeldt (one of the youngest men in history to have a doctrine named after him) and when he's in a good mood, Doctor K. himself. Another favorite of the talk-show bookers is Soviet émigré Dimitri Simes. More than anyone currently in the field, Simes looks the part, and his thick Russian accent gives his analysis added weight. He is one of the few outspoken Soviet émigrés living in the United States who do not take a pro-czarist line. In the pre-Gorbachev days, Simes would have been considered a center-leftist, but since *glasnost* fever broke out in the States, Simes has seen his mission to put the brakes on in the other direction. RAND Corporation military experts Arnold Horelick and Ted Warner can also be found here.

Anti-Soviet Right Field: In the early '80s, Harvard's Richard Pipes, a former Reagan NSC official, was the league leader. A Pipes/Cohen pairing was for many bookers a natural vaudeville act. In an argument in TNR over Cohen's two most recent books, Pipes called Cohen "petulant" and said he had "contempt" for the Soviet people. Cohen referred to Pipes as "fraudulent" and said that in many reputable circles, "an attack by Richard Pipes is a badge of honor." Pipes's academic specialty is pre-1917 Russia, and most, but not all, of his colleagues give his work high marks. But Pipes is no longer as popular on the talk shows as he was in the "evil empire" days. Former Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. Malcolm Toon takes up some of the slack, as does the ever-present Dr. Brzezinski. In academia, the éminence grise remains Harvard's Adam Ulam, who authored the standard textbook on Soviet foreign policy, *Expansion and Coexistence*. Favored administration hard-liners on the tube include Fritz Ermarth and Robert Dean of the NSC.

Anti-Gorbachev Right Field: These are more skeptics than hard-liners, unimpressed by Gorbachev's reforms or his staying power. In addition to Pipes, this group includes Peter Reddaway of the Kennan Institute, Marshall Goldman of Harvard's Russian Research Center, and Larry Eagleburger, former everything and current president of Kissinger Associates. Goldman thinks Gorbachev is sincere but doubts he can last. Almost alone on this list, Goldman is primarily an economist. His major rival in the field is Brookings fellow Ed Hewett. Goldman and Hewett are barely on speaking terms since Hewett reviewed Goldman's book *USSR in Crisis: The Failure of an Economic System* in the *New York Times*. Hewett quoted fragments of Goldman's sentences like "Poland has . . . become Polandized" and "Finland has been . . . Finlandized" and pronounced them "silly." Goldman retorted that these phrases did indeed sound silly owing to Hewett's "imaginative use of ellipses and extracts." Hewett apologized, but only for the use of the word "silly." Stay tuned.

ERIC ALTERMAN

Eric Alterman is a Washington writer and a fellow at the World Policy Institute.

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We're pretty far down the road to agreement in principle on START, Mr. President, but I urge you not to make any Vladivostok-style commitments until you've thought through these objections. One way out is to drop the U.S. objection to mobile missiles. Putting MXs on rail cars and deploying Midgetman missiles would make our land-based deterrent force less vulnerable. Then we might need fewer ICBMs and be able to deploy more missiles at sea.

It may not be too late, either, to resurrect Kissinger's old concept of linkage—tying nuclear arms control to Soviet good behavior on the regional front and human rights. At least, you ought to make it clear at the summit that the Senate will never ratify a START treaty if the conventional balance in Europe is still adverse and if Soviet troops remain in Afghanistan. If you try hard, you can also make Soviet behavior in the Persian Gulf such an issue that it too becomes linked, de facto, to arms control.

On conventional reductions, though, you have to watch it. Gorbachev reportedly is coming to town with a proposal that both sides reduce their tank forces by 25 percent, with the Soviets actually destroying theirs as the United States moves its back to the United States. That would be a bad deal for two reasons: the Soviets currently outnumber us in main battle tanks by 2-to-1, and the principle would be established that European security lies in the United States getting its forces off the Continent. Gorbachev keeps using the theme of "Europe, our common home" on our allies, implying that the United States doesn't belong.

In consultation with the allies, you should be getting ready to make your own proposal for reductions in conventional weapons and forces on both sides in the ratio of five for them to one for us. This would make up for the Soviet numerical advantage, for Soviet proximity to Europe, and for the fact that Soviet military doctrine—contrary to what Gorbachev told Brokaw—is one of attack, not defense. Gorbachev makes verbal pledges never to initiate the use of force in Europe. He ought to be pressed to back that up with defensive deployments—and the promise never to use force against Eastern Europe, either.

We also ought to be insisting that what Gorbachev wants in terms of credibility and trust in the world, not to mention Western arms reductions and eventual trade credits and technology exchanges, should be based on improvements in Soviet conduct. The Soviets refuse to back a United Nations arms embargo against Iran, hoping to curry favor with that regime even as they supply arms to Iraq. They have increased East bloc military and economic aid to Nicaragua in the past year to $1 billion. The Soviets and the Cubans increased their military aid to Angola this year in hopes of winning the civil war, but they failed. None of this is the behavior of a power that wants to concentrate on internal development.

Gorbachev has written a liberal-sounding book and made forthcoming noises in several speeches. He claims to be abandoning Clausewitz's dictum that war is just a continuation of policy by other means, but he is not abandoning economic, ideological, and political competition with the West, which he says is "inevitable." He means to divide us from our friends, to use the debt crisis to accuse us of "neocolonialism" in the Third World, to blame the West for Soviet military adventurism, and to seduce us into behaving as if Russia has dropped its historic expansionist imperatives.

The West ought to be able to win a non-military competition with the Soviet Union. We start out far ahead, and Gorbachev's *perestroika* is an admission of that. But Gorbachev is a forceful and inventive challenger, a man with a strategy. You can challenge him in the remainder of your term to prove that what he says is true. Your prospective successors ought to be judged on the basis of how they can develop a strategy to counter Gorbachev. We can't fight something with nothing.

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

Summit, II.

DEAR GORBO

THE WASHINGTON SUMMIT is your big chance, and also your last chance. You let the Geneva summit in 1985 turn into an inconsequential gabfest, which is exactly what President Reagan wanted. You managed to embarrass Reagan by springing a no-nukes, no-Star Wars scheme at Reykjavik in 1986. That was a public relations victory, but nothing more. Next year's summit in Moscow will be too late in Reagan's term for any real progress on the issues you are pushing. So it's now or never in Washington.

The good news, Mr. General Secretary, is that you can get everything you crave at the Washington summit, if you play your cards right. And I mean everything: limits on Star Wars, expanded trade with the West, easing of pressure to open up Jewish emigration and get out of Afghanistan, a boost in stature back home, and a new era of détente.

But remember: you have to play to three audiences at once. Two of them, the folks back home and the American public, are easy. The third, Reagan, is the tricky one. All the Soviet people will learn about your visit is what the Kremlin lets them see on TV and read in the newspapers. For home consumption, you have to look like a visiting emperor, friendly but businesslike and less-than-awed by America. You can't appear to be led around by the nose by Reagan. If you kiss Reagan, all is lost. That would expose you as weak, emotional, and undisciplined. In Vienna in 1979 after the signing of the SALT II treaty, Leonid Brezhnev lurched toward Jimmy Carter and kissed him. It brought home the point that Brezhnev, who had dribbled soup down his chin at dinner, was a vegetable.

The American people will see a lot more of you, since your public appearances will be telecast live. They are suckers for a cheerful dictator, and you got off to a good start by grinning your way through the NBC interview

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with Tom Brokaw. But to charm America, you must pretend you like the country. You also need better answers to a couple of questions. On the Berlin Wall, you should hint that it's coming down soon. On Jewish refuseniks, you should give the impression that you're about to let them all out. In both cases, you'd be following an old piece of advice: in a pinch, lie. It often works.

Where you stand to gain the most is one-on-one with Reagan. The president is vulnerable. He's old and downcast. Iranamok took the wind out of him. Most of his friends are dead, gone, or under indictment. He's got Nancy, but she's recovering from surgery. For Reagan these days, it really is lonely at the top.

Avoid confrontation with Reagan. It violates his sense of gentlemanly conduct. In 1984 he toned down his anti-Soviet rhetoric in a United Nations speech because Andrei Gromyko, then Soviet foreign minister, was about to visit. To Reagan, being confronted is even worse than confronting someone. If you argue that Star Wars must be sharply curtailed or else no strategic arms agreement, there will be no agreement. Reagan won't give in to threats. If you insist that Jewish emigration is none of Reagan's business, you'll only anger him and get no trade concessions. If you say the Soviets will stay in Afghanistan as long as they please, you'll put Reagan all the more on edge.

The last thing Reagan wants is another adversary. He's got enough of them in Washington. You should avoid bullying or reminding Reagan that his power is diminished. Reagan needs a pal. So that's the role for Gorbo, Reagan's buddy in the Kremlin. The president already has a reasonably favorable impression of you. He doesn't think you are another Stalin or even another Andropov. Gorbachev, Reagan says, is "completely different." You're not out to conquer the world. Rather, the president thinks you have "an internal problem and an economic problem." You should ask for Reagan's help in solving both of them.

BUT FIRST you've got to break the ice. And what better way than with a joke? Reagan loves jokes. Donald Regan solidified his position (for a while, anyway) by telling Reagan a joke every morning. Now the president is collecting jokes about the Soviet Union. On the Air Force One flight back from Reykjavik, he told one about a spat between a Soviet and an American over whose country has more freedom. The American boasted that America is so free, he'd "urinated" on the president's car. That's nothing, said the Soviet, I "defecated" on the general secretary's limo. The American was amazed, and sheepishly admitted that the president wasn't in the car at the time. Well, said the Soviet, to be honest I didn't take my pants off.

"If Gorbachev would tell the president a joke about the Soviet system, the president would eat out of his hand," says a former White House official. Something about bread lines or the gulag might tickle Reagan. The place for a joke is not in the plenary sessions, but in private talks when only you two and your interpreters are in the room. You should arrange as many of these sessions as possible—a quiet talk in Reagan's study, a fireplace chat in the living quarters, etc. That's where you can make progress.

After the joke, you should get right down to business. Look, Mr. President, I've got a problem. I'm trying to bring the Soviet Union into the 20th century, with more economic incentives and personal freedoms, but the old guard is dead set against me. You know what it's like to run up against a bureaucracy, don't you? Reagan would nod yes. I'd like to make some of the changes the Chinese have, you should say, knowing that Reagan likes the Chinese. But I need the same ally the Chinese had—you.

Reagan isn't likely to sit still for a soliloquy unless you make it interesting. With Reagan, you can't just talk. You have to perform. A conservative activist who briefed Reagan recently said he used an attention-getting gimmick—a joke, a chart, a picture—at least once a minute. What works best with Reagan is an anecdote. He made speeches for years about the Welfare Queen. You should concoct a queen of your own, perhaps the wife of a Central Committee functionary who can't stay away from the special store for Party brass.

Religion is another opportunity for getting in good with Reagan. The president has been briefed by author Suzanne Massie that the Russians are extremely religious, despite 70 years of rule by atheists. Christianity interests Reagan, though he's not a churchgoer. For years, Fidel Castro has been wooing naive Americans by suggesting they were steering him back to his Catholic faith. This mesmerized Jesse Jackson when he came to Havana in 1984. Reagan might fall for something similar from you. At the least, you can brag about how you've eased up on churchgoing and baptisms in the Soviet Union.

Clever as you are, you ought to be able to turn the firing of Boris Yeltsin, the Moscow Party chief, to your advantage. "You've had the same kind of trouble, haven't you, Mr. President? One of your favorite aides gets uppity and the other top staffers want him fired. You protect him as long as you can, but then he goes too far. Yeltsin actually criticized my wife, Raisa, and I couldn't tolerate that. Understand my situation?" Reagan would.

So would Nancy Reagan, whom you should also cultivate. She's dovish, likes arms control, and would love her husband to win a Nobel Peace Prize. In his new book, *Behind the Scenes*, former Reagan aide Michael Deaver writes of Nancy, "She lobbied the president to soften his line on the Soviet Union; to reduce military spending and not to push Star Wars at the expense of the poor and dispossessed." You will sit beside Nancy at the White House state dinner on December 8. That's the time to unleash the charm offensive.

ONE FINAL THING. Reagan is thrilled by the idea of escorting you around prosperous, peaceful America—shopping centers, grocery stores, homes with swimming pools. The president figures you will be impressed, and think better of America. Well, you can't let on in public that your head's been turned. That's bad for consumption back in the U.S.S.R. But it's exactly what you ought to tell Reagan in private. Better yet, you should ask to stay a day

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or two longer so you can see more. Your cover story, of course, would be that you and Reagan are making progress in your talks. And you would be, only Reagan wouldn't realize that the progress consisted of his head being turned.

With chummy feelings, Reagan would be primed for the big pitch. No, not a pitch to kill off Star Wars. You know he won't agree to that. But Reagan might make a seemingly small concession, namely limits on some but not all Star Wars tests. Your argument would be that you need a symbolic concession to satisfy the hard-liners at home and that it wouldn't really impede the program. It would, though, by prolonging it. Over time, public support is bound to dwindle. And in the next administration, the president or Congress might halt the program entirely.

On Afghanistan and Jewish emigration and the Berlin Wall, your best bet is a passionate plea for time. You can invoke the Vietnam analogy on Afghanistan. Remember how humiliated the United States was when it was driven out of Vietnam ignominiously, Mr. President? To Reagan, this was a low point in American history. No superpower should have to suffer that, you would say. If I pulled the 115,000 troops out of Afghanistan in short order, I'd have a mutiny on my hands with the Party and military brass. I've had enough trouble persuading the generals to go along with the treaty banning intermediate-range missiles. Just give me time—an unspecified number of years—and I'll straighten things out.

You have the authority to allow thousands of Jews to emigrate. If you're smooth in handling Reagan, you might get the United States to pay ransom, in effect, for their release. You should claim that you'd like to let them all out, but for the objections of hard-liners, the bureaucrats, the Moscow crowd. This is a lie, but that shouldn't be a problem for the fellow who told Brokaw that the Russians are only in Afghanistan because they were invited. If the United States let more technology flow to the Soviet Union, that would satisfy your enemies and you'd be able to open the emigration gate. Or so you should say.

REAGAN IS READY to swoon. With so much failure in his second term, he is desperate for a happy, conflict-free summit. The White House staff and Nancy would be ecstatic. Agreement on the outline of a treaty cutting intercontinental missiles would please Reagan no end. Now that Caspar Weinberger is gone, Reagan won't hear many objections to a little concession on Star Wars. Most of his aides are willing to make big concessions. The next step would be a summit in Moscow, at which the treaty would be signed. Détente, and years of more American concessions, would be at hand.

Or almost. You have two other giants besides Reagan to appease during the Washington summit. These are CBS and ABC. They're seething over NBC's exclusive pre-summit interview. The solution is surrender. Give them interviews, post-summit. You have nothing to lose, and the world to gain.

FRED BARNES

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

SINS AND TWINS

STUDIES OF twins are hot items, showing up on the covers of magazines and featured on network news reports, including one on NBC. Most of the pieces present the research of Thomas Bouchard and his colleagues who have studied twins, including pairs reared apart, at the University of Minnesota since 1979. Many of the questions the Minnesota scientists ask focus on "nature vs. nurture," the most fiercely debated issue in the study of human behavior.

The Minnesota project makes good copy. Twins, separated and given up for adoption at birth, meet as adults with an outpouring of emotion. As they get to know one another, they discover amazing similarities in their lives. Psychologists examine the pairs closely to learn how much of their behavior is determined by genetics and how much by the environment. Identical twins reared apart are ideal for these studies. Since identical twins inherit the same genes from their parents, differences should be due to the environments in which they were raised.

The Minnesota scientists tell the many reporters who have come to call that they have reached important conclusions. But because the Minnesota scientists have published little in journals where the research is subject to review by other scientists, it is not clear just what the Minnesota scientists have proved.

"There's a very significant and powerful genetic effect on intelligence," Bouchard told me. "Our data, and I'd like to leave some range to it, suggests that the amount of variation explained by genetic factors is somewhere between 50 and 70 percent, which is really a significant amount."

Other reporters apparently have heard more conclusions. *U.S. News and World Report* said the Minnesota researchers found that most of the personality traits they measured "were influenced more by genes than by upbringing. Social potency, alienation, well-being, and harm avoidance were all found to be products of nature, not nurture. Even such qualities as respect for authority and adherence to high moral standards were found to be hereditary."

The Minnesota scientists submitted a paper on their findings about intelligence two years ago to the journal *Science*. It was rejected, and they have not attempted to publish anything about intelligence since then. A paper about other personality traits was accepted on October 30 by the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* and will appear several months from now.

"They may be right. They may be wrong. The point is I have no way of knowing," said Jonathan Beckwith, a geneticist at Harvard. "Until other scientists can examine their complete data, all we know about the research is what we read in the newspapers and see on TV, and

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that is not enough to make a judgment."

Caution would be appropriate especially because of the history of controversy, politics, even fraud in the nature-nurture debate. Raymond Fancher's excellent book *The Intelligence Men* details much of this history, including studies of identical twins reared apart. These began in the early 1930s when Ed and Fred discovered one another in Chicago. Ed and Fred had been separated at the age of six months. They became the first of 19 such pairs examined by three Chicago scientists, Horatio Newman, Frank Freeman, and Karl Holzinger. Newman, Freeman, and Holzinger recognized serious problems when they tried to determine how much genetics influenced intelligence—what psychologists call the "heritability" of intelligence. Among the difficulties were that adoption agencies tried to place twins in similar homes, so environments often were not so different. Also, some of the twins had more contact with one another before they were tested than others. Those who had communicated more tended to overemphasize the coincidences in their lives to make their story more interesting. For those and other reasons Newman, Freeman, and Holzinger concluded in 1937 that the most they could say was that both genetics and environment contributed to intelligence.

That view persisted into the 1960s when a well-known British psychologist, Sir Cyril Burt, published what he said was the largest study ever of twins reared apart. Burt said his study did not have as many of the problems that Newman, Freeman, and Holzinger experienced. And he said his research showed that intelligence was determined at least 80 percent by genetics. Inheritance, he concluded, was by far the greatest determinant of intelligence.

Berkeley psychologist Arthur Jensen relied heavily on Burt's research when he wrote in 1969 that "it [is] not [an] unreasonable hypothesis that genetic factors are strongly implicated in the average Negro-white intelligence difference." That article evoked fierce protests. To many it symbolized the dangers of investigations of "nature vs. nurture."

Burt died in 1971. Several years later Princeton psychologist Leon Kamin proved that Burt's research had been a total fraud. Jensen accepted that conclusion, although he did not back down from his belief in the strong heritability of intelligence. But the revelation of Burt's deceit together with the fact that his "findings" had been used to bolster a claim of racial superiority left many more people wary of conclusions about the genetic basis of intelligence.

THE QUESTIONS other psychologists want to ask about the Minnesota study include the ones raised by Newman, Freeman, and Holzinger in the 1930s. How much have the data been influenced by "selective placements" by adoption agencies? How much contact did each set of twins have before it was examined?

I do not doubt that the Minnesota researchers have the data to support their conclusions. They are top rate scientists. Much of the delay in publication is likely due to jealousy, competitiveness, and other non-scientific motives on the part of the scientists who were asked to review the articles the Minnesota team might have submitted to various journals. It took a great deal of courage for Bouchard and his colleagues to investigate a subject that sets off such powerful emotions. But because the data have potential political implications, there should be a consensus among scientists about what they mean.

Bouchard says he is not too concerned about political consequences. "Well, frankly," he told me, "I don't think there are very many political implications from this work." Asked about the Head Start program to help disadvantaged children at an early age, he said, "We should engage in Head Start programs. I think we should engage in all kinds of improvements for education because I think we can make kids smarter, we can make their lives better. One of the things we're probably not going to be able to do, however, is make everybody the same. There's often this expectation from these programs that we'll get people's IQ up, and then implicitly the idea is that everybody will become the same and have the same IQ. That's probably highly unlikely and our data certainly suggest it is unlikely."

One might question whether that statement contains few political implications. In any case, others have relied on reports of the Minnesota research to justify other sorts of policies. The prime minister of Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew, has been pushing a program of eugenics. He wants to encourage the people he sees as more intelligent, the more educated, to produce more children than the lower classes. In a 1983 speech justifying his policies, Lee cited the work "by Professor Thomas Bouchard of the University of Minnesota." "The conclusion the researchers draw" about intelligence, Lee said, "is that 80 percent is nature, or inherited, and 20 percent reflects the differences from different environment and upbringing."

Bouchard can argue that he is not responsible for the actions the prime minister of Singapore takes based on reports of the Minnesota twin studies. But the disclaimer would have much more substance if the basis for the data were published so it could be debated openly by other researchers.

THE LAST THING I would want to do as a science correspondent is to discourage scientists from talking to the popular media. Bouchard and his colleagues have cooperated extensively with reporters for two reasons. Their work is so fascinating and important that a great demand for coverage was inevitable. Also, the Minnesota scientists say they need media attention to attract additional sets of twins. Identical twins reared apart are not that common.

But feature stories need not include conclusions. It is important for reporters and scientists alike to differentiate between speculation based on preliminary results and sound data presented in the proper forum to the scientific community.

ROBERT BAZELL

Robert Bazell is the science correspondent for NBC News.

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"These are the reasons I don't read that magazine Spy:

SPY is new, and I don't like new things.
It calls itself The New York Monthly.
It makes fun of Republicans.
It makes fun of Democrats.
It makes fun of Donald Trump.
SPY names names, and that's just not nice.
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SPY doesn't tell me what kind of cheese to buy, or where to meet chicks.
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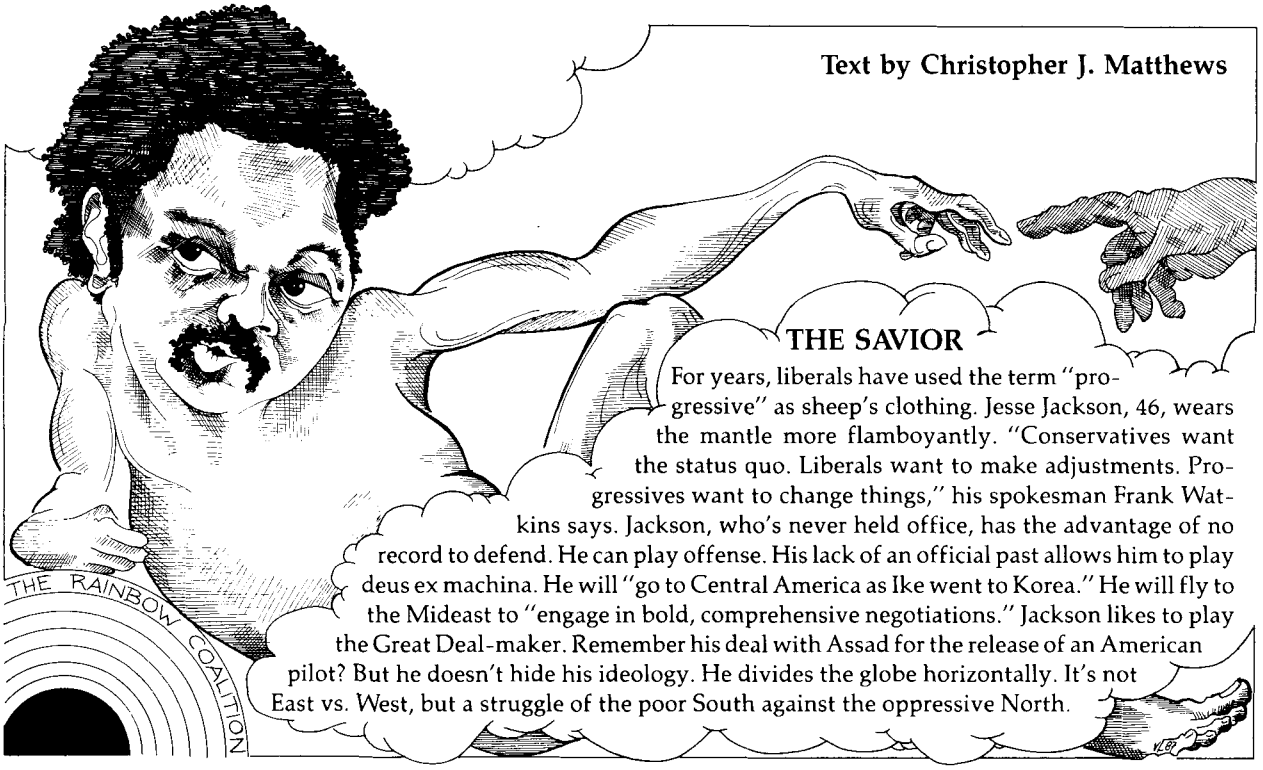
CARNIVAL OF

"Well, it's, um, you know, you have to come to grips with the different issues that, ah, we're facing—I mean we can, we have to deal with each of the various questions that we're talking about."

That was Edward Kennedy in November 1979, imploding his presidential candidacy in an interview with Roger Mudd by demonstrating he had no clear idea of why he was running. Any successful campaign needs a premise, however artificial. In the modern

Text by Christopher J. Matthews

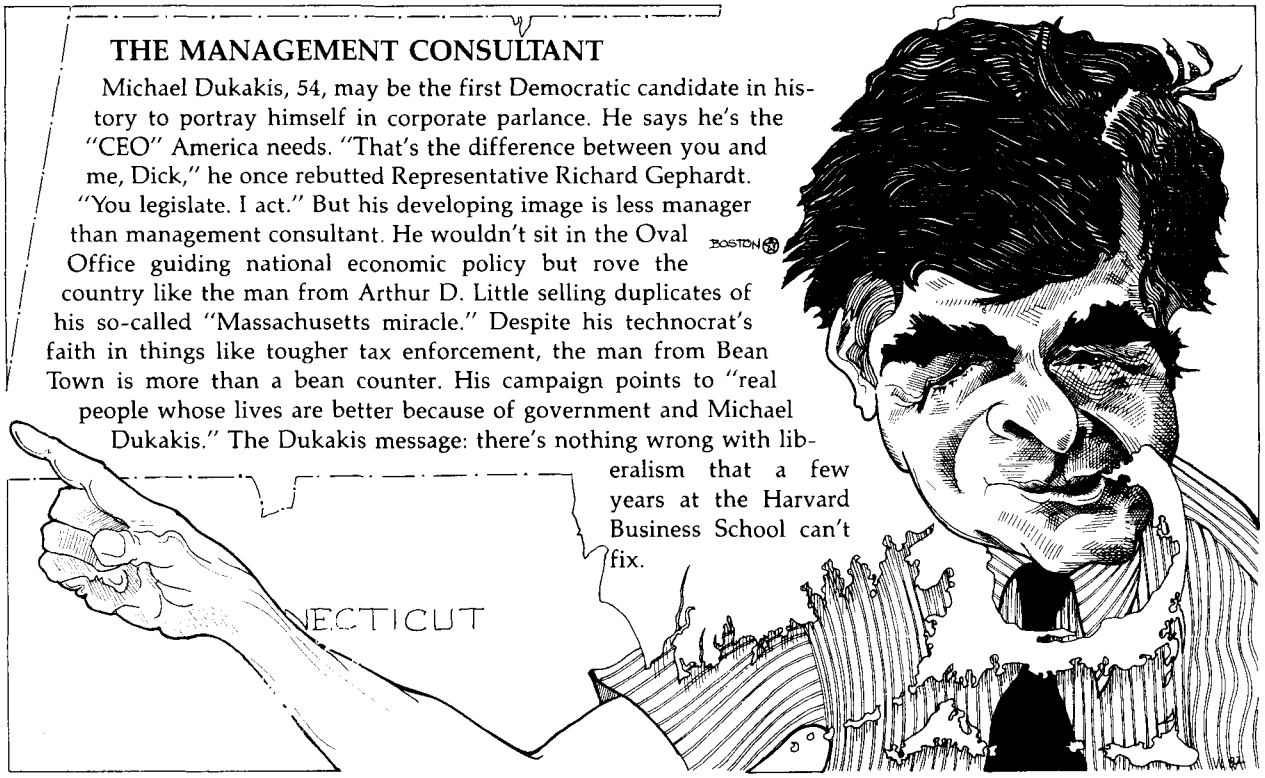


THE SAVIOR

For years, liberals have used the term "progressive" as sheep's clothing. Jesse Jackson, 46, wears the mantle more flamboyantly. "Conservatives want the status quo. Liberals want to make adjustments. Progressives want to change things," his spokesman Frank Watkins says. Jackson, who's never held office, has the advantage of no record to defend. He can play offense. His lack of an official past allows him to play deus ex machina. He will "go to Central America as Ike went to Korea." He will fly to the Mideast to "engage in bold, comprehensive negotiations." Jackson likes to play the Great Deal-maker. Remember his deal with Assad for the release of an American pilot? But he doesn't hide his ideology. He divides the globe horizontally. It's not East vs. West, but a struggle of the poor South against the oppressive North.

THE MANAGEMENT CONSULTANT

Michael Dukakis, 54, may be the first Democratic candidate in history to portray himself in corporate parlance. He says he's the "CEO" America needs. "That's the difference between you and me, Dick," he once rebutted Representative Richard Gephardt. "You legislate. I act." But his developing image is less manager than management consultant. He wouldn't sit in the Oval Office guiding national economic policy but rove the country like the man from Arthur D. Little selling duplicates of his so-called "Massachusetts miracle." Despite his technocrat's faith in things like tougher tax enforcement, the man from Bean Town is more than a bean counter. His campaign points to "real people whose lives are better because of government and Michael Dukakis." The Dukakis message: there's nothing wrong with liberalism that a few years at the Harvard Business School can't fix.



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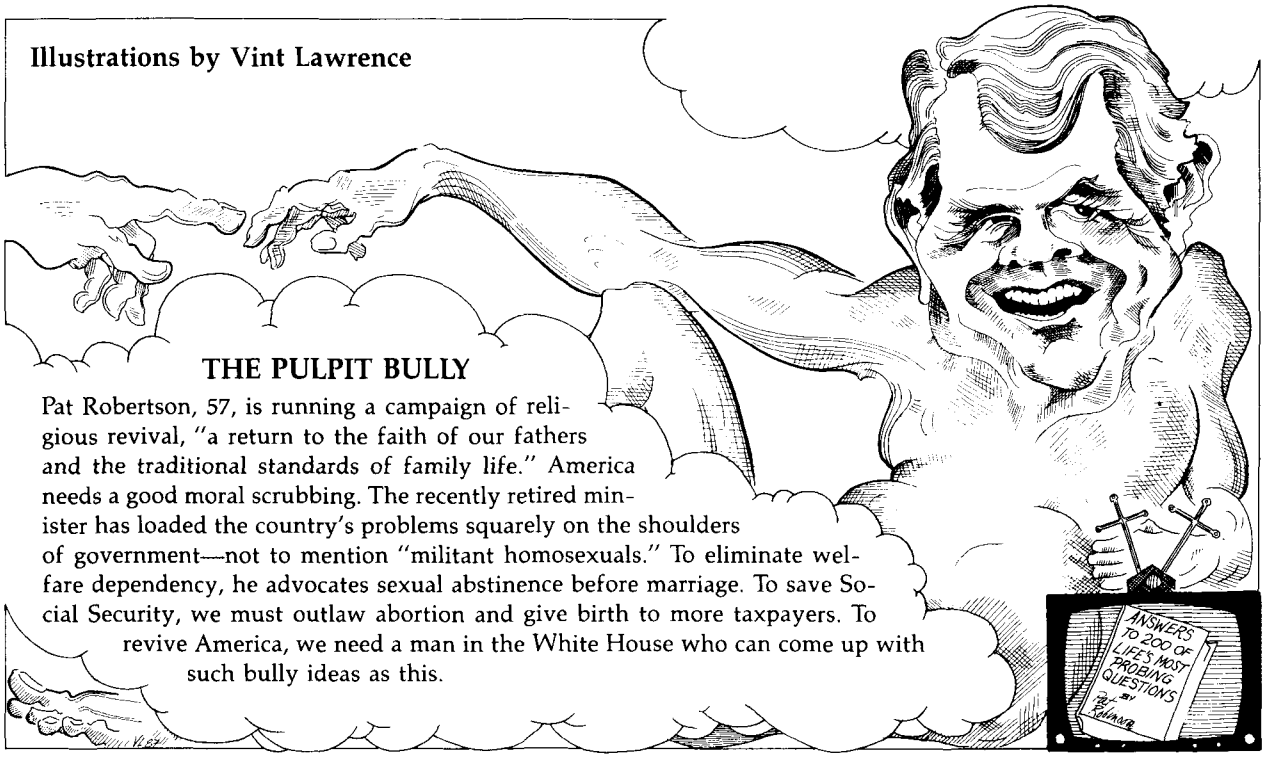
THE CANDIDATES

marketing argot, this is called "positioning." Here is a brief summary, based on observation and interviews with campaign staff, of how the 1988 presidential candidates are positioning themselves as we head into electoral prime time.

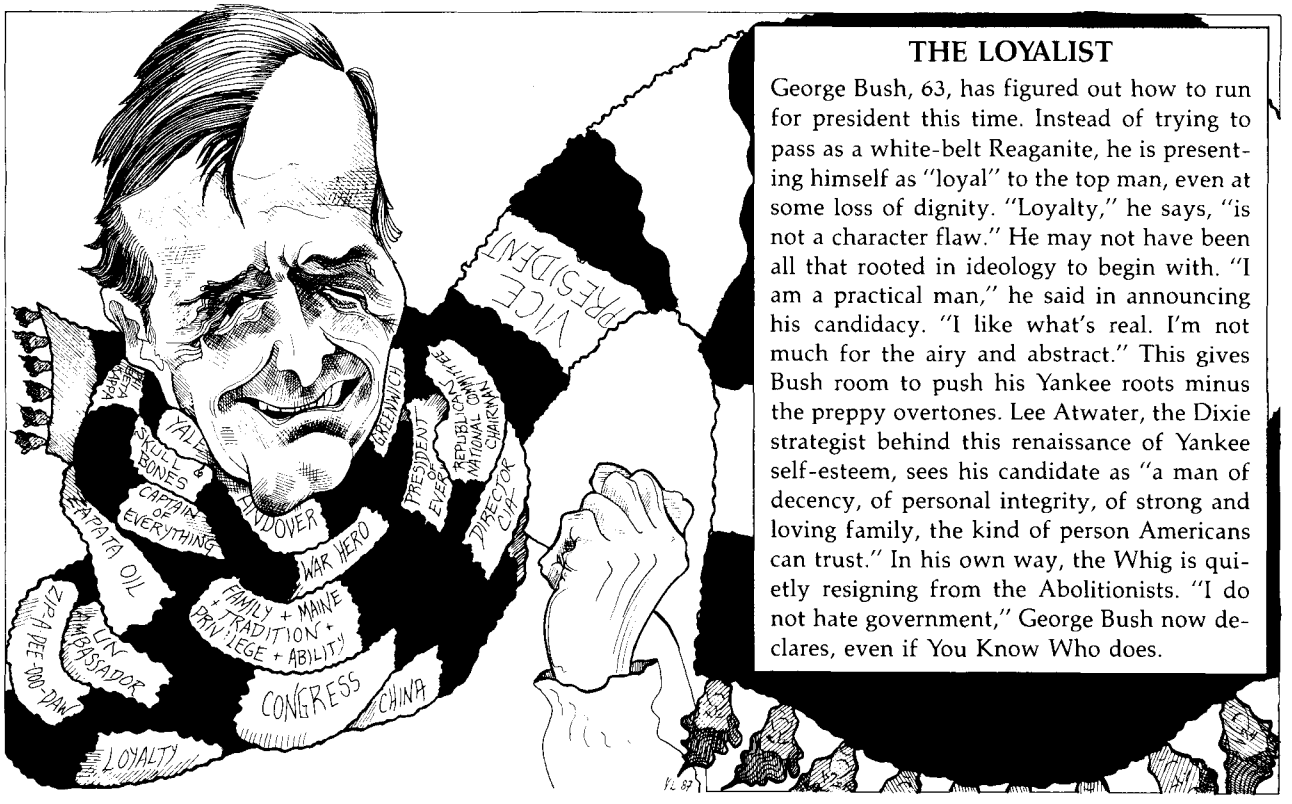
Christopher J. Matthews, former aide to House Speaker Tip O'Neill, is a syndicated columnist for the *San Francisco Examiner*. Vint Lawrence is TNR's contributing artist.

Illustrations by Vint Lawrence



THE PULPIT BULLY

Pat Robertson, 57, is running a campaign of religious revival, "a return to the faith of our fathers and the traditional standards of family life." America needs a good moral scrubbing. The recently retired minister has loaded the country's problems squarely on the shoulders of government—not to mention "militant homosexuals." To eliminate welfare dependency, he advocates sexual abstinence before marriage. To save Social Security, we must outlaw abortion and give birth to more taxpayers. To revive America, we need a man in the White House who can come up with such bully ideas as this.



THE LOYALIST

George Bush, 63, has figured out how to run for president this time. Instead of trying to pass as a white-belt Reaganite, he is presenting himself as "loyal" to the top man, even at some loss of dignity. "Loyalty," he says, "is not a character flaw." He may not have been all that rooted in ideology to begin with. "I am a practical man," he said in announcing his candidacy. "I like what's real. I'm not much for the airy and abstract." This gives Bush room to push his Yankee roots minus the preppy overtones. Lee Atwater, the Dixie strategist behind this renaissance of Yankee self-esteem, sees his candidate as "a man of decency, of personal integrity, of strong and loving family, the kind of person Americans can trust." In his own way, the Whig is quietly resigning from the Abolitionists. "I do not hate government," George Bush now declares, even if You Know Who does.

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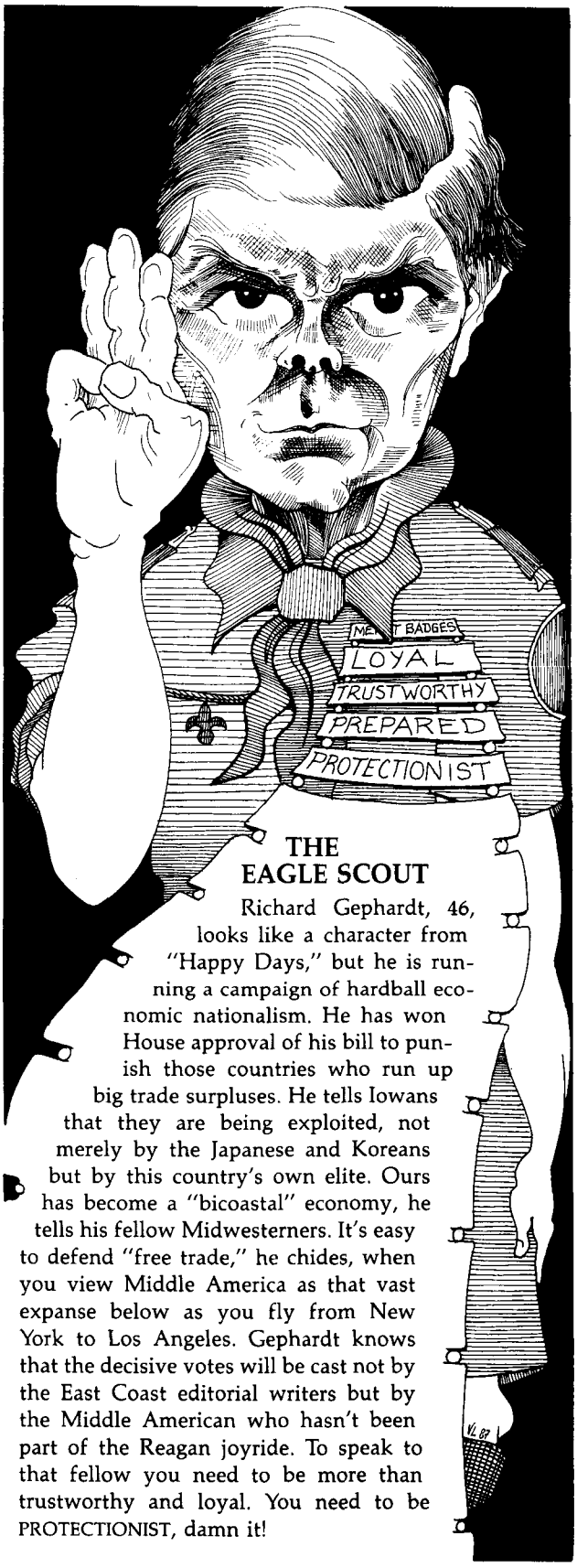

THE EAGLE SCOUT

Richard Gephardt, 46, looks like a character from "Happy Days," but he is running a campaign of hardball economic nationalism. He has won House approval of his bill to punish those countries who run up big trade surpluses. He tells Iowans that they are being exploited, not merely by the Japanese and Koreans but by this country's own elite. Ours has become a "bicoastal" economy, he tells his fellow Midwesterners. It's easy to defend "free trade," he chides, when you view Middle America as that vast expanse below as you fly from New York to Los Angeles. Gephardt knows that the decisive votes will be cast not by the East Coast editorial writers but by the Middle American who hasn't been part of the Reagan joyride. To speak to that fellow you need to be more than trustworthy and loyal. You need to be PROTECTIONIST, damn it!

HONEST ABE

While other candidates focus on issues, Paul Simon, 59, senator from the Land of Lincoln, believes there is only one question in this election: character. Who can we trust to be president? Don't be fooled by the Charles Osgood bow tie, the horn rims, and other nerdish paraphernalia. The man who beat Charles Percy three years ago knows his business. Like Gary Hart, who leapt full-blown from the L. L. Bean catalog, Simon knows that clothes can make the man. Unlike the other-directed New Breed, he knows exactly who he is. Better yet, he knows he can sell it. After Iranamok and Jim Bakker and Ivan Boesky and the Hart & Biden burlesque show, all that talk of generational politics sounds dated. If timing is everything in politics, Simon's people think they have just the candidate for the times. "The context of the 1988 campaign is completely different than it was six months ago." Translation: voters want a guy in the Oval Office who writes his own books, picks his own clothes, and sticks to his own philosophy, even if its old-time liberalism. In a market saturated with windswept types appealing to the Pepsi Generation, he's not afraid to be the Coke Classic.

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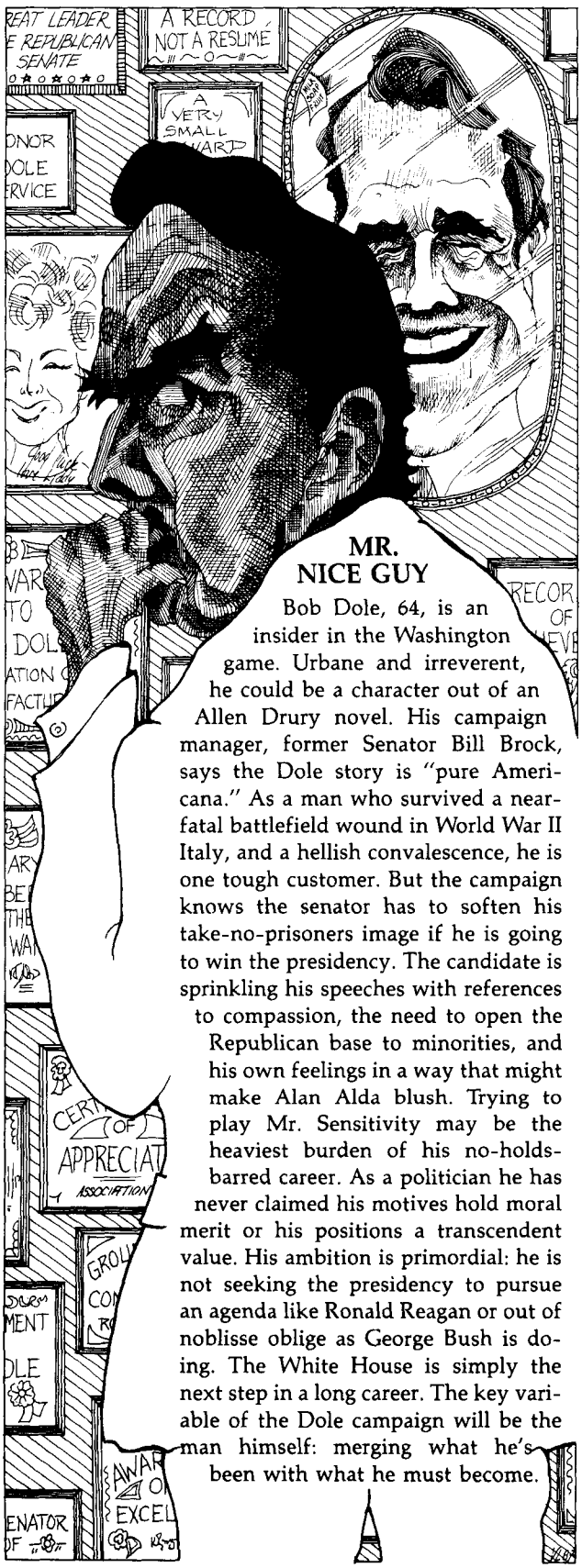
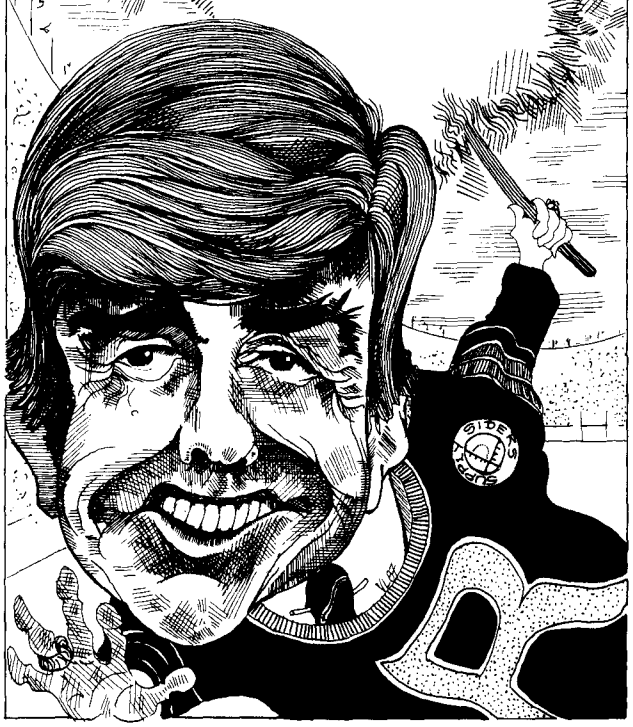


MR. NICE GUY

Bob Dole, 64, is an insider in the Washington game. Urbane and irreverent, he could be a character out of an Allen Drury novel. His campaign manager, former Senator Bill Brock, says the Dole story is "pure Americana." As a man who survived a near-fatal battlefield wound in World War II Italy, and a hellish convalescence, he is one tough customer. But the campaign knows the senator has to soften his take-no-prisoners image if he is going to win the presidency. The candidate is sprinkling his speeches with references to compassion, the need to open the Republican base to minorities, and his own feelings in a way that might make Alan Alda blush. Trying to play Mr. Sensitivity may be the heaviest burden of his no-holds-barred career. As a politician he has never claimed his motives hold moral merit or his positions a transcendent value. His ambition is primordial: he is not seeking the presidency to pursue an agenda like Ronald Reagan or out of noblisse oblige as George Bush is doing. The White House is simply the next step in a long career. The key variable of the Dole campaign will be the man himself: merging what he's been with what he must become.

THE CHEERLEADER

Jack Kemp, 52, has gone from football star to the nation's leading ideological cheerleader. In 1978 he quarterbacked his first national campaign for supply-side tax cuts, convincing Republican congressional candidates to execute the play. But Kemp is also something of a "cultural Democrat," someone who understands the working stiff. Campaign chairman Ed Rollins claims Kemp "doesn't want a country club party." Democrats cultivated loyalties by offering people social benefits. Kemp does the same with tax cuts, while ridiculing those in his Grand Old Party who want to cut back on Social Security or raise taxes to reduce the deficit. And like Reagan, he has become enamored of the notion that a big investment in SDI will protect America from Soviet missiles. Once you've bought a universally applicable, two-variable economic model that was first sketched on a bar napkin, convincing yourself that a laser-contrived "peace shield" can work is as easy as the point after touchdown.



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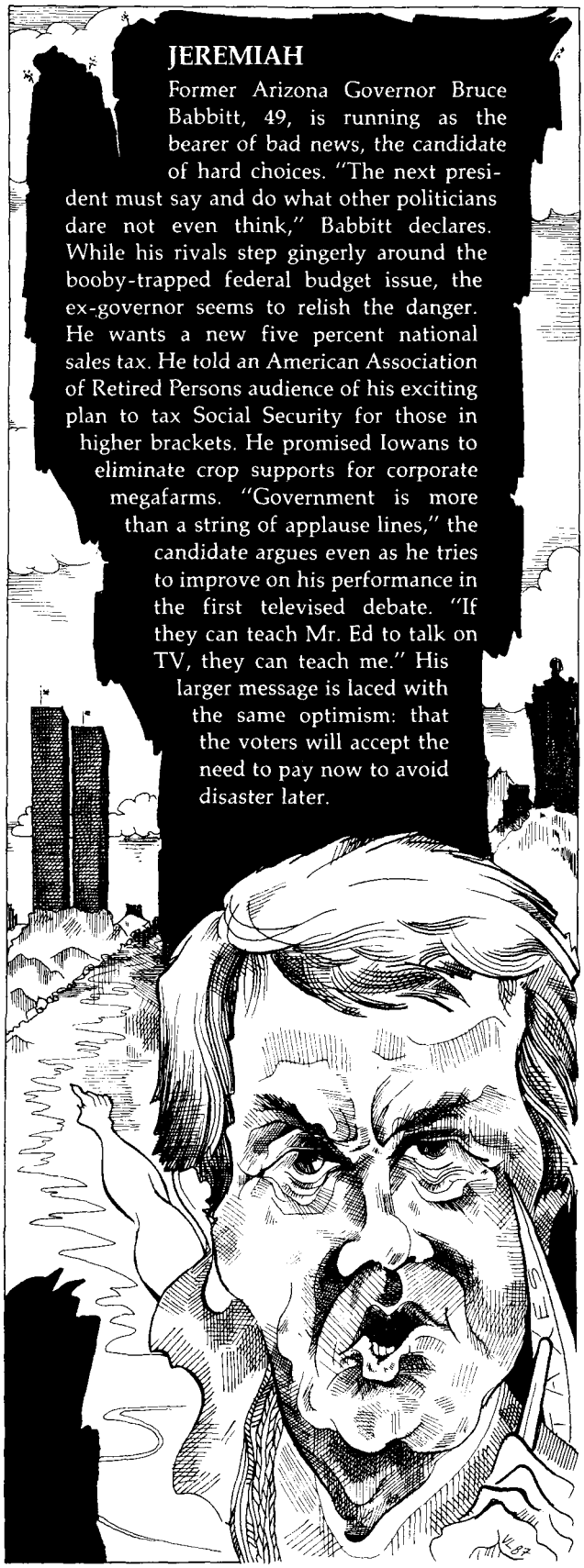
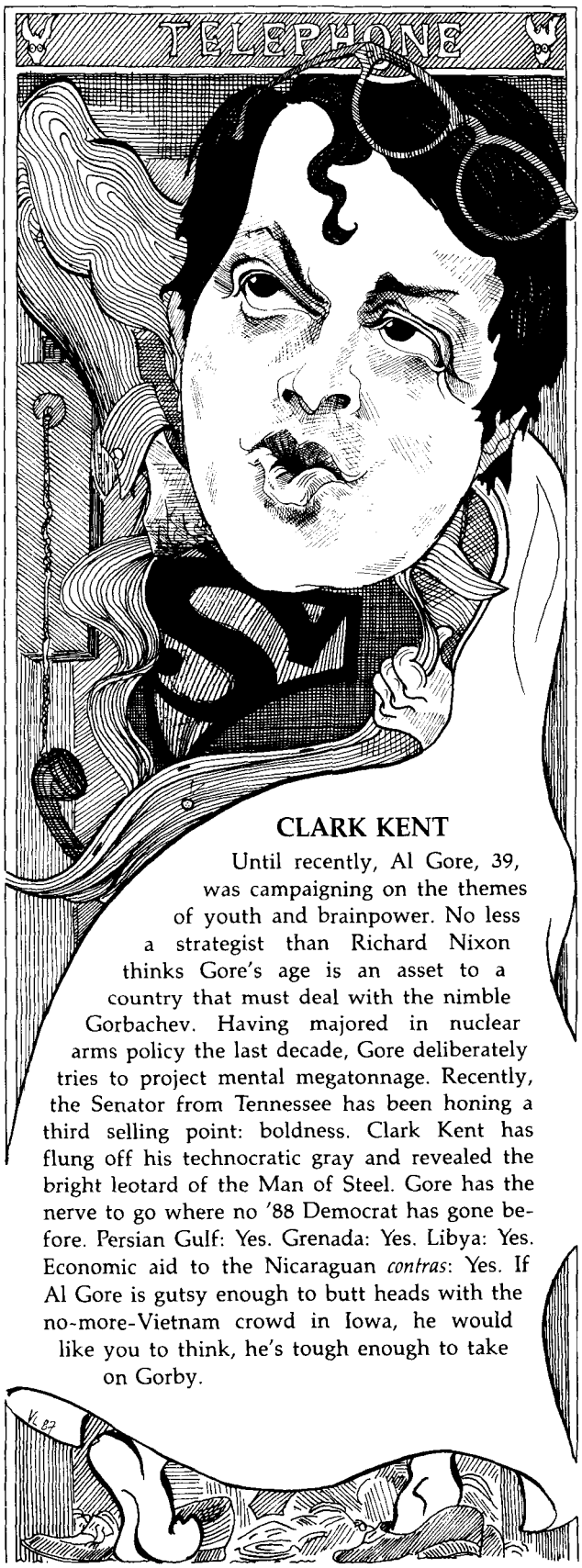


JEREMIAH

Former Arizona Governor Bruce Babbitt, 49, is running as the bearer of bad news, the candidate of hard choices. "The next president must say and do what other politicians dare not even think," Babbitt declares. While his rivals step gingerly around the booby-trapped federal budget issue, the ex-governor seems to relish the danger. He wants a new five percent national sales tax. He told an American Association of Retired Persons audience of his exciting plan to tax Social Security for those in higher brackets. He promised Iowans to eliminate crop supports for corporate megafarms. "Government is more than a string of applause lines," the candidate argues even as he tries to improve on his performance in the first televised debate. "If they can teach Mr. Ed to talk on TV, they can teach me." His larger message is laced with the same optimism: that the voters will accept the need to pay now to avoid disaster later.



CLARK KENT

Until recently, Al Gore, 39, was campaigning on the themes of youth and brainpower. No less a strategist than Richard Nixon thinks Gore's age is an asset to a country that must deal with the nimble Gorbachev. Having majored in nuclear arms policy the last decade, Gore deliberately tries to project mental megatonnage. Recently, the Senator from Tennessee has been honing a third selling point: boldness. Clark Kent has flung off his technocratic gray and revealed the bright leotard of the Man of Steel. Gore has the nerve to go where no '88 Democrat has gone before. Persian Gulf: Yes. Grenada: Yes. Libya: Yes. Economic aid to the Nicaraguan *contras*: Yes. If Al Gore is gutsy enough to butt heads with the no-more-Vietnam crowd in Iowa, he would like you to think, he's tough enough to take on Gorby.

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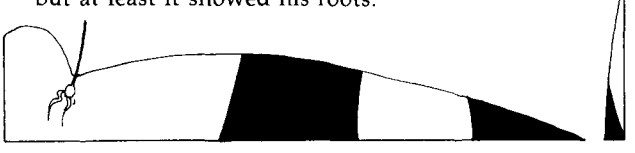
THE MAITRE D'

What do you do if you've got the first name of a headwaiter and the last name of a chemical company? Pierre S. "Pete" du Pont, 52, is not offering a résumé but a menu of hard-right positions. While he has a history as a moderate governor of Delaware and as a middle-of-the-roadish congressman before that, he now mocks this tradition as "mainstreamism" and the "me-too-ism of the 1970s." In its place, he is pitching an à la carte set of measures that puts him on the extreme laissez-faire end of the spectrum. He would phase out Social Security for those bright young healthy folks who would prefer his tonier new mega-IRA accounts. He would return American agriculture to the free market and put welfare recipients to work. Unlike any other candidate in memory, du Pont treats his own rather substantial family and political background as largely irrelevant. Before he was this guy Pete selling a sundry line of fix-it nostrums, he was Pierre du Pont IV. That made him the butt of jokes, but at least it showed his roots.



THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

Alexander Haig, 62, is not afraid to run on his three-star résumé. As former White House chief of staff, secretary of state, supreme commander of NATO, he can honestly claim a "depth of executive experience" that in other political systems would guarantee promotion to the top job. Haig believes in duty first, politics a distant second. "A president must be wary of the temptation to stimulate leadership through the new populism of polls," he caveats. He evokes Edmund Burke confronting the electors of Bristol, a man determined to follow his conscience even when it runs contrary to popular impulse. Rather than playing to the gallery with INF, a President Haig would buck mass opinion and hold out for our interests in Europe. In 1974 Haig was the strong-willed adjutant who took charge of the country's affairs as Richard Nixon agonized through the final days of Watergate. In 1981, for a few moments after President Reagan was shot, he assumed control with his unforgettable "I'm in charge here." The seven-year cycle now drives him to seek formal title to the office in 1988.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Last Rites

In Galway one summer, in Oughterard, I walked through a graveyard because of James Joyce. Some things were missing, I knew. The snow was not falling, as it does so vastly at the end of "The Dead"; and there would be no stone for Michael Furey, the 17-year-old youth who died for love before the story begins. But it was the snow and the death that made

The Dead
(Vestron)

the graveyard important. Once again a place in the world was marked and haunted by art that had been made from it.

It's been said that if Joyce had written nothing but "The Dead," he would be immortal. I doubt it. Surely no better story has been written in English, but it is both difficult and deceptively simple. Without the other stories in *Dubliners* as prelude—"The Dead" was written last, and indeed after *Dubliners* was accepted for publication—without the subsequent novels and play as context, the story might well have slipped past as schizoid or too open. We now read "The Dead" as by the author of the three novels and the still-underprized play *Exiles* (which is relevant to the story). A different sort of attention is paid.

This is not at all to say that we feel enjoined to find depths in the work because it's by the great JJ. It is to say that, for decades, it has been read by people whom Joyce has educated to be his readers. One of the best such, Frank O'Connor, himself a master storyteller, saw significance in the fact that not only is it the last story in the book, it's the last story that Joyce ever wrote. Said O'Connor:

> "The Dead" . . . is entirely different from the others. It is also immensely more complicated. . . . It is easy enough to see from "The Dead" why Joyce gave up storytelling. One of his main passions—the elaboration of style and form—had taken control, and the short story is too tightly knit to permit expansion like this.

Perhaps that is why it seems like a novel in a small space—a novella, if you like. Perhaps that is why, despite acres of critical comment, few good readers would assert that they comprehend it completely. O'Connor: "It is not always easy to see what any particular episode represents, though it is only too easy to see that it represents something." Complex and deceptively open.

Those qualities help to explain why, though it tantalizes ambitious filmmakers, it is one more of those works that film cannot wholly grasp. The late John Huston, at the end of a career that had highlights but often detoured through the meretricious, brought to "The Dead" all the respect that he could muster. The adaptation by his son, Tony Huston (the screen credit unashamedly says "Written by Tony Huston"), inflicts small harm. Some tiny changes are made in the dialogue: "stewed," meaning "drunk," is understandably substituted for "screwed." A guest is added to the holiday party to beef up the film, which runs only 83 minutes—a guest who contributes to the entertainment by reciting a poem called "Broken Vows" translated from the Irish by Lady Gregory. An anecdote about a horse and a statue is transposed from one place to another. The last long passage of Gabriel's thoughts is put in the first person and, with some adjustments, is given to him as voice-over narration. But the changes neither hinder nor help. The subtleties and the narrative inextricably linked to them are not reachable by film.

In Dublin of 1904, Gabriel and Gretta Conroy, a married pair in their 30s, go to an annual Christmastime party and dinner given by Gabriel's two elderly aunts. After some dancing and some entertainment by the guests and one aunt, dinner is served. In a prepared speech, Gabriel proposes a toast to his aunts. After dinner, the guests begin to depart. Just before the Conroys leave, one guest sings a song called "The Lass of Aughrim." It affects Gretta deeply, to Gabriel's surprise. They go back to the hotel where they are spending the night, instead of traveling to their distant home through the snow, and in their room Gretta, in tears, tells him that "The Lass of Aughrim" used to be sung by a youth named Michael Furey, out in Galway where she was born, and that he died at 17. "I suppose you were in love with this Michael Furey, Gretta," says Gabriel. "I was great with him at that time," she says.

Then she tells him that when Michael learned that she was going off to school in Dublin, he rose from his sickbed and stood in the rain under her window, hoping to see her. She implored him to go home, and a week after she reached Dublin, he died. Gretta says, "I think he died for me."

Gretta soon sleeps. Gabriel stands at the window, watching the snow fall, thinking that it is falling all over Ireland, thinking of the snow on Michael Furey's grave in Oughterard, thinking of death.

This synopsis, though factual, is atrocious. "The Dead" cannot be represented, in miniature or at length, outside Joyce's prose. Therefore Huston's film, though it has good qualities, is finally

FILMS WORTH SEEING

House of Games. Gambling and other compulsions. David Mamet wrote and directed this seemingly realistic but abstract, imaginative work. First class. (Reviewed 11/16/87)

Manon of the Spring. Not a freestanding film. But as the sequel to *Jean de Florette*, it concludes the two-part story with high 19th-century drama. Yves Montand a grim peasant titan. (11/23/87)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid. The title is much *more* brazen after the film. A fierce, funny, sexy account of Asian and black life in the inner city of London. Written and directed by the makers of *My Beautiful Laundrette*. Unique and strong. (11/30/87)

The Wannsee Conference. Terse reenactment of the meeting of Nazis in 1942 when the Final Solution was determined. Done in a businesslike, therefore soul-chilling way. (12/7/87)

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not much more than a longer synopsis. Sometimes a film finds cinematic equivalents of the original's prose—Pinter's *Proust Screenplay* is the leading example of great fiction successfully transformed. But Joyce is diabolical. What is open in his story is inaccessible to film. Chiefly there are Gabriel's reactions in secret electric shocks, sometimes to trifles (an absolutely veristic device that Peter Handke also uses). A remark about men made by the maid when the Conroys arrive at the party "cast a gloom over him which he tried to dispel by arranging his cuffs and the bows of his tie." How can one film that? Huston doesn't even try.

In the hotel bedroom, the succession of hidden strong reactions to the whole evening and to his wife's revelation about the dead youth result in what John Gross calls "the gradual erosion of his egotistical defenses." Joyce calibrates all these changes exquisitely. The film is confined to surfaces, not because the actor of Gabriel is bad (he isn't) but because Gabriel's changes, open to the reader, are closed to a viewer.

The complexities are even further removed from film. Principally there is the prose itself. This is by the magician who later chronicled the history of English prose in parodies that start with Anglo-Saxon and end with American slang while Mina Purefoy's baby is being born in *Ulysses*. See what he does with prose in "The Dead." The first sentence: "Lily, the caretaker's daughter, was literally run off her feet." The last sentence: "His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead." How does one film the effect of the phrase "heard the snow"? How does one film the prose's progress from the "literally" of the opening to the exalted loneliness of the end, from the small details of daily living to a cosmic view of mortality?

Huston had a penchant for tackling the impossible—*Moby Dick* and *Under the Volcano* (not to mention *The Bible*). Whether this was artistic heroism or myopic egotism it is not important to settle. In any case Huston dealt with "The Dead" as deftly and economically as he could.

Two actors stand out. Donal Donnelly battles comically-sadly with the boozy banalities of the alcoholic guest, Freddy Malins. Anjelica Huston is splendid as Gretta (the one important character whom Joyce does not describe). In *Priz-*

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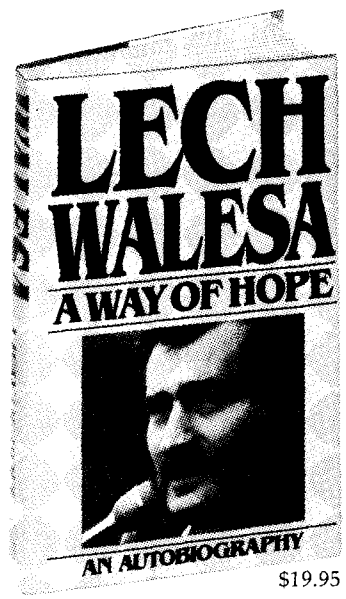

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zi's Honor, also directed by her father, she was striking as a somewhat wacky Italian-American. In Coppola's *Gardens of Stone*, she was smart as a Washington journalist. Here with a delicate Irish accent (an occasional word is muffled) and with the assurance of pure understanding, she gives us a woman who is reconciled to a pleasant, arbitrated life, knowing that her best chance for passion and beauty is buried under the snow.

The cinematographer, Fred Murphy, who gives lamplit intimacy to the party scenes and crisp cold to the ride home, has lighted Huston so that her somewhat horsey face—which I liked as was—resembles Degas. She looks beautiful in a genteelly reconciled way, and she acts, in the last scene particularly, with a grip on the part that grips us, that inspires hopes about her future. Setting Anjelica Huston on her way as an extraordinary actress may prove to be one of the prime legacies that John Huston left us.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Look Back With Nostalgia

The American musical has become the El Dorado of the Broadway theater—that lost paradise of total gratification where artists and backers once disported on golden meadows to the sound of ringing cash registers. A character in *42nd Street* elegizes musical comedy as "the most beautiful words in the English language," but there's a mournful, obsolescent ring to those words now, as if they were already being cycled into archaic language. Once hyperbolized as "our greatest native art form," the American musical has fallen into disrepair, and the success of Andrew Lloyd Webber's glitz machines only heightens the miserable condition of our own maladroit contraptions. Just as the Japanese and Koreans have surpassed the United States in the mass-produced technology first created by Henry Ford, so the British have usurped the only theatrical form ever invented (or respected) on Broadway. The glories are all in the past, which may account for the spate of musical theater histories in the current publishers' lists.

It may also account for the pervasive aura of nostalgia that surrounds the recent offerings, whether revivals or new works. How many American musicals today take place in the present or deal with issues even remotely meaningful? It is no accident, as the Marxists used to say, that the remake of Cole Porter's *Anything Goes* opened at the Vivian Beaumont in the same week as the stock market crash. First produced during the Depression, it helped then to avert American eyes from the bread lines, the apple stands, and the pin-striped bodies hurtling out of corporate windows. The new revamped production of the Lincoln Center Theater is beautifully engineered to provide us with the same insouciant distractions.

Equipped with a new book by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, based on an original script by Guy Bolton, P. G. Wodehouse, Howard Lindsay, and Russel Crouse—and dominated by Cole Porter's enthralling music and lyrics—*Anything Goes* still possesses that enchanting quality of total irrelevance that made it so appealing in the '30s. If anything, it is even more irrelevantly appealing today, set in the luxury-class quarters of an ocean liner when, in our own age, cruise ships exist mainly to carry tourist groups to the Caribbean for duty-free shopping, and populated with types who vanished from popular culture soon after Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers stopped dancing the carioca. *Anything Goes* functions as a voyage through the high seas of the past in the interior of a time boat, the theatrical equivalent of two hours spent watching reruns in a repertory movie house.

Under Jerry Zak's shrewd direction, it's an artful reconstruction. Tony Walton's sets and costumes alone deserve a place in a retrospective exhibit of Musical Comedy Memorabilia. Ornamented with the round silvered curves of Art Deco, the S.S. *American* cruises the silver seas sporting a white piano bar, a red-white-and-blue smokestack, and a ship's orchestra performing on the top deck. As for the characters, they are off the streamlined Art Deco rack as well—a Yale alum drinking his way across the ocean, a goofy gangster posing as a minister, a square British lord, dowagers and debutantes, camera-toting reporters in checkered coats, long-legged chorines in flared sailor pants and high heels, the hard-boiled siren Reno Sweeney making out with all available males, the feckless hero Billy Crocker wooing his rich lady love in disguise and ending up with both the girl and a zillion dollars. Fox-trots up and down the gangways, choral tap dances that rattle the decks, gypsy turns and tangos, production numbers by the entire crew and officer staff—*Anything Goes* recapitulates everything you ever remembered from the halcyon days of the Astaire-Rogers shipboard romances. The only ones missing are Eric Blore and Edward Everett Horton.

What is also missing is a book. The Crouse-Weidman revamping improves on the jerry-built original, but the jokes are feebly dependent on the incompatibility of British elegance and American slang ("Bring me my tea and step in it"), and the plot remains a crude comedy of disguise and misunderstanding. Still, the books for these musical comedies were never more than scaffolding for songs, and Porter's songs retain all their melodic surprise and lyrical wit. It's odd to be reminded that such classics as "I Get a Kick Out of You," "You're the Top," "It's Delovely," "Easy to Love," "Blow, Gabriel, Blow," or even the eponymous "Anything Goes," much less the 11 other superb numbers, were once show tunes—not just because they have all achieved an enduring independent life, but because today our musical comedy hits are fortunate to feature one memorable song, not to speak of 17.

Porter's songs emerge out of nowhere in *Anything Goes*—the occasion for music is determined by time, pace, and mood, rather than plot requirements—but they represent the essence of the show. The orchestra, under the bright direction of Edward Strauss, plays these tunes smartly, and they are well sung by virtually everyone in the cast. Patti LuPone, especially, brings a sharp energy to the role of Reno Sweeney, her red velvet slack suit and auburn hair handsomely framing her generous, slightly cruel mouth. And Howard McGillin is an attractive Billy Crocker, though he dances like a four-letter man at the senior prom and his baritone range doesn't easily accommodate the countertenor tones he's often forced to produce. All in all, *Anything Goes* is a pleasant pastime for those who have the time to pass. If I sound a bit resistant to its charms, well, I'm getting a little older and my time is somewhat limited.

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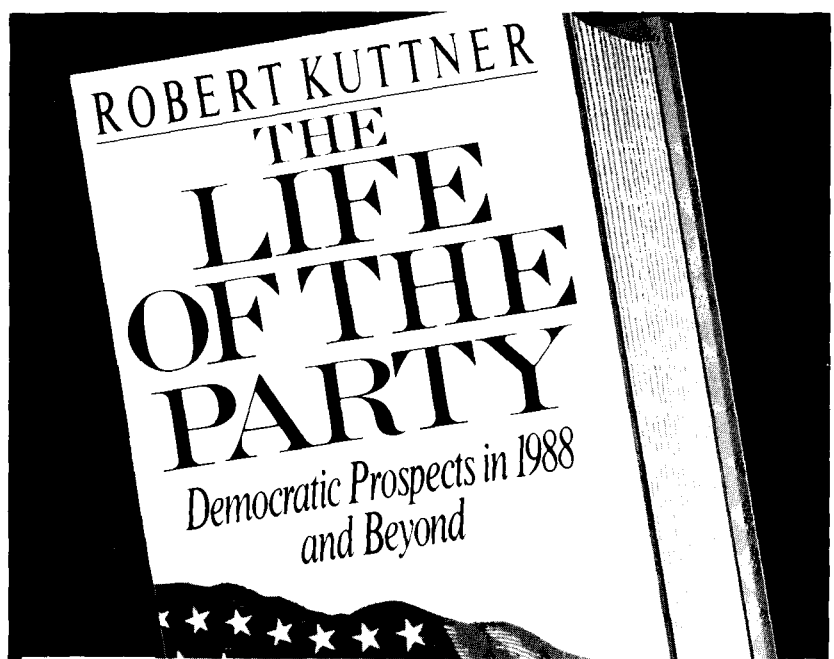
The talented pair who brought forth *Sunday in the Park with George* have now created another musical. It's called *Into the Woods* and is playing at the Martin Beck. Stephen Sondheim, who wrote the music and lyrics, and James Lapine, who wrote the book, are both highly sophisticated gentlemen of considerable wit. But I looked in vain for the animating impulse behind this new work, apart from the desire to collaborate on a new conversation piece. *Anything Goes*, and other '30s musicals, exist to showcase wonderful tunes. *Into the Woods* doesn't have much to contribute in the way of music—it is Sondheim at his most tuneless and doggerel, trying his hand at nursery songs—so I suppose we're meant to be satisfied with the concept. Still, the evening lacks conviction, the concept seems forced. I sat through this thing, fidgeting in my seat, a witness once again to the will trying to do the work of the imagination.

Into the Woods is structured in two acts—the first a fairly conventional rendering of familiar fairy tales, the second a mordant commentary on the afterlife of its characters, with a glance at Bruno Bettelheim's Freudian analysis of fairy tale and myth, *The Uses of Enchantment*. Lapine's interest in psychiatric material was first evident in *Twelve Dreams*, his theatricalized version of a Jungian study about a young girl tortured by prophetic dreams concerning her own premature death. But this sort of commentary is invariably thinned, and slightly vulgarized, on the Broadway stage. As in *Sunday in the Park with George*, which followed a stunning first-act tableau with a self-conscious Chromolume coda, the overintellectualized conclusion of *Into the Woods* is an excrescence on material that is the more powerful the less it is explained.

The Grimm fairy tales have already been sensitively adapted to the stage in Paul Sills's *Story Theater*, not to mention the Philip Glass-Robert Moran-Arthur Yorinks opera *The Juniper Tree*, both of which, through simple fidelity to the source material, allowed its deeper meanings to resonate. *The Juniper Tree*, for example, with its account of stepmother infanticide, parental cannibalism, beheadings, resurrections, and reconciliations, contains enough mythical material to fill a dozen psychiatric casebooks, a slew of religious and classical mythologies. But its power lies in permitting the spectators to see these correspondences for themselves. The Sondheim-Lapine adaptation, on the other hand, even in its relatively straightforward opening act, lacks innocence, as if a couple of urban intellectuals were remembering their childhoods through a haze of cocktail parties and couch sessions.

Into the Woods starts with projections of the first pages of two familiar Grimm Brothers tales, "Cinderella" and "Jack and the Beanstalk," plus one, "The Baker and His Wife," invented by Lapine. Along with the tales of "Rapunzel" and "Little Red Ridinghood," these are then woven into a consecutive narrative through the device of a witch who exhorts the Baker to seek objects (Jack's beans, Rapunzel's locks, etc.) that will cure his wife's childlessness. In the dark woods, very little is permitted to remain implicit. The Wolf in "Little Red Ridinghood," for example, is a fully sexual animal, complete with a hint of genitals, and when he devours her ("a full day of eating for both"), the erotic implications are made fully manifest. Too often the stories are show-busied up with winks and smirks ("I'm afraid I was rude, now I'm being pursued, and I'm not in the mood," sings Cinderella), while the characters seem drawn more from musical comedy—Jack from *Big River*, Ridinghood from *Annie*, the Bak-



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er's Wife from *Oklahoma*—than from the pages of children's literature. Still, the first act at least retains a semblance of respect for the conventions of fairy tales, including the happy endings.

In the second act, however, Grimm turns grim, as Lapine and Sondheim demonstrate what happens to such people *afterward*, when their wishes are granted. The wife-swapping Prince ("I've been raised to be charming, not sincere") is unfaithful to Cinderella, Rapunzel becomes a screeching nag, the Baker's wife is killed, and when the Giant's widow comes to take revenge for the murder of her husband by Jack, the whole world turns nuclear, bathed in an orange glow. The moon is covered in smog, the trees are blasted, the woods are ashen—punishment, apparently, for the participation of fairy-tale characters in the sexual revolution.

Cinderella and Ridinghood find each other in the mist to sing "You Are Not Alone," a song reprised by the Baker to Jack, though minutes before he was going to feed him to the Giantess. In this world, one suspects, consistent motives are less important than plugging the ballad, even one suspiciously reminiscent of "You'll Never Walk Alone." At the end, everyone pairs off, regardless of their previous relationships, and the blasted woods return to their former dark glory. We are left with the musical moral: "Careful the things you say/Children will listen," which may be a warning against reading anything to kids at bedtime aside from health manuals or mail-order catalogs.

Tony Straiges's leafless bowers and vine-encrusted scoop are a handsome complement to the production, though the setting seems a little derivative for such an original stage artist. Bernadette Peters, as the Witch, manages to preserve her enticing powder-puff pout under the obligatory warts and frizzle; Robert Westenberger is a stalwart Prince, and Kim Crosby's Cinderella has the naive beauty and innocent grace one seeks in vain throughout the rest of the show. It is not the fault of Chip Zien or Joanna Gleason as the Baker and his Wife that they come on like Chico Marx and Ado Annie, or of Tom Aldredge that he is featureless in the part of the Narrator (in Story Theater, at least, narrators are allowed to transform into characters). The actors are stuck in a world where urban cynicism alternates with nostalgic sentiment, where show-biz tinsel glitters on the bark of fairy-tale trees.

IN COLD INK

A Capote Reader
by Truman Capote

(Random House, 736 pp., $25)

Answered Prayers: The Unfinished Novel
by Truman Capote

(Random House, 208 pp., $16.95)

It should be said of *A Capote Reader* that to have read it once is to have read it forever. The best of the short stories are here, but they are only pretty good, like "My Side of the Matter" (1945), "Master Misery" (1949), and "Among the Paths to Eden" (1960); so too with the travel sketches. But many items could easily have been omitted to make room for his first novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms* (1948); it could honorably use the space given to *The Grass Harp* (1951), that prolonged embarrassment of a novella. We are, fortunately, given the most impressive of Capote's fictions, the novella *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1958), which features the indomitable Holly Golighty. She is one of those smart, off-beat, warmhearted, disruptive women whom Capote tended to favor in fiction and, until cause was almost inevitably given for a break, in life. Accordingly, among the portraits are those of Marilyn Monroe and Elizabeth Taylor from *Music for Chameleons* (1980) and a vignette about Mae West from *Observations*, a book he did with Richard Avedon in 1959.

Far too long for the *Reader* is *In Cold Blood*, the best of Capote's works. Some excerpts would have been welcome. It was published in 1966, the year, by the way, of his famous Black and White Ball for 500 people at the Hotel Plaza in New York in honor of Katherine Graham. At the time Frederick Dupee said correctly that *In Cold Blood* "is the best documentary account of an American crime ever written." Unlike Norman Mailer in his later *An Executioner's Song*, Capote himself did every last shred of research for his book, without taking tape recordings, or even taking notes, during his hundreds of interviews. The book is a masterful recreation of the brutal murder in Holcomb, Kansas, of the Clutter family—Herbert Clutter, a prosperous wheat farmer who had been an Eisenhower appointee to the Federal Farm Credit Board, his wife, and two of their children. Immediately fascinated by news reports of the incident, Capote took up the project even before the murderers, who had not known their victims before, were apprehended. He stayed with it through the investigation, the trial, the death-row incarcerations, and the executions, where he bid a last farewell at the foot of the gallows to Richard Hickock and Perry Smith, the two young wanderers who had committed the crime.

Capote never put so much of himself into anything. The fact that he studiously avoids appearing as the first person narrator in the work means that his personal intensities are kept impressively in control. They are continually mediated and exalted by those human complications from which, as we see in the *Reader*, he usually abstracts himself by a rhetoric alternately sentimental and tart. He gave a good six years of his life to the book, much of that time spent in the small community where the crime occurred and where he gradually won the affection and cooperation of people who had never before heard of him. He spent months talking to Hickock and Smith, and to other inmates at the Kansas State Penitentiary. Before he even began to write he had accumulated over 8,000 pages of research material. Such immersion, especially when it required living in areas remote from the kind of amenities and companionship he was used to, would (as he suggests in interviews) probably have exhausted the patience and energy of most of his near contemporaries, or particularly a macho claimant like Hemingway.

The explanation for Capote's unusual dedication to this particular project isn't simply that he was tough enough to put up with the strain. While he everywhere shows a fascination with criminal behavior and with murderers (in his talk with Richard Grobel in *Conversations with Capote*, published last year by New American Library, he passes on the use-

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ful tip that 80 percent of the multiple murderers he met carried some sort of tattoo on their bodies), many other writers have been similarly fascinated. Indeed, it is fashionable to describe writing itself as a transgression, a usurpation of the authority of previous writing, and of the authenticity of accepted versions of an event.

It was for reasons less theoretical, and more specific to his own nature, that the crime in Kansas cast its spell over Capote. As I read it, the story of the Clutters, their neighbors, their murderers, and the apparatus of the law, including the Supreme Court, brought into glaring focus a nagging, sullen antagonism in Capote himself to any form of authority, and raised it to a level of cultural significance rare for him. Usually in his works this authority is vested in merely private household nightmares, as in the early story "My Side of the Matter," or more appealingly, for a time, in some older lady he must eventually leave behind. In his last, unfinished, posthumously published novel, *Answered Prayers*, he in effect leaves a number of them behind. A substantial part of that last book, when published earlier in *Esquire*, caused many of his lady friends to accuse him of betrayal. The sputtering out of talent in the book suggests that it probably never would have been finished. There are nonetheless moments when the nightmare vision of social-sexual life in New York catches the vitality found throughout Mailer's *An American Dream*.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In a curious way a certain kind of woman was for him a substitute for the beneficent male authority missing from his life. Capote was like Huck Finn looking for help not from Tom Sawyer, but from Tom Boys. Capote must have sensed in those news reports from Kansas, especially given Herbert Clutter's association with the Eisenhower administration, some horrendously larger, some awesome, thwarted, terrifying expression of revenge against the dereliction of the father. When, in *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, the Capote figure named Joel discovers his lost father, he is a helpless figure lying in bed, totally mute and nearly as totally paralyzed. Of the two murderers, Capote admits to a special affection for Perry Smith and says of him (in an interview in *Truman Capote Conversations*, edited by M. Thomas Inge and recently published by the University Press of Mississippi) that Smith identified Clutter as "the father he loved-hated and he unleashed all his inner resentment in an act of violence."

Capote's own parents were divorced when he was four, leaving him, like Joel, to wander among the homes of relatives. At his infrequent best, he casts his own Perry Smith resentments into figures who are bitterly isolated and intransigent, like the self-insulated man in "Shut a Final Door" (1947), who, gradually bereft of all human contact, ends up a latter-day Bartleby, alone in a room where "he pushed his face into the pillow, covered his ears with his hands and thought: Think of nothing things, think of wind." The alternative as a self-image is Capote's sassy, often eccentric, sometimes wistful, but at all times rebellious women; seemingly indifferent to the opinion of others, they are nonetheless, like Capote himself, touchingly determined to be entertaining, with sometimes disastrous results. Holly in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* has a ten-year-old version of herself in the earlier "Children on Their Birthdays" (1949), where little Miss Bobbit is run over by a bus on the one occasion when she moves by instinct rather than by theatrical calculation. No wonder he can write well about so utterly self-absorbed and legendary a figure as Jane Bowles.

Except in *In Cold Blood*, Capote is mostly a writer of romance, in the sense that the settings are designed to exert the least possible cultural influence on the speech and the action of his characters. In that sense too the assumption that he belongs to Southern literature is wholly mistaken. Even *Other Voices, Other Rooms* could as easily have been located, with some changes of inflection, in California or New England. Capote is not to be considered in any way equivalent to other Southern writers such as Flannery O'Connor or Eudora Welty, much less Faulkner. And a still more powerful reason to avoid these frequently made comparisons is that Capote's characters are never, like the others', endowed with a milieu that is made culturally or theologically resonant.

For Capote culture is represented largely as something that can be laid on, by fine writing, by something meant to sound like Literature. This is conspicuously the case in his novella *The Grass Harp* (1951). There, yet another of his boys with a freewheeling imagination teams up with yet another endearingly odd lady, this one named Dolly. To escape the tyranny of a household ruled

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by Dolly's sister, they move (along with three associates picked up on the way) into a tree house, while the assembled forces of law and order try to coax them down. They sit, listening to the wind, talking and (so they suppose) thinking. One of the number, a judge with what sounds like an alarmingly expanded idea of the 14th Amendment, asks, for example, "How could you ever care about one girl? Have you ever cared about one leaf?"

My point is that in his more journalistic pieces, like *The Muses Are Heard* (1956), an account of the visit to the Soviet Union by an American company performing *Porgy and Bess*, or like *In Cold Blood*, Capote is forced by the independent existence of the story he is reporting to forgo such banal and egregious reminders of his literary presence. That is, he cannot as easily make a hero of himself as resident literary genius. His fiction, by contrast, abounds in a kind of lyricism that he associates, unfortunately, with liberation, even though he never adequately imagines a society from which escape is made to seem more than quixotic.

Of what, for Capote, does liberation consist? Apparently in the ability to write such sentences as this, the opening sentence of *The Grass Harp*: "When was it that first I heard of the grass harp? Long before the autumn we lived in the China tree; an early autumn, then; and of course it was Dolly who told me, no one else would have known to call it that, a grass harp." Perhaps Dolly is a reader of Coleridge, author of "The Aeolian Harp," or of Shelley, who asks the west wind to "make me thy lyre as the forest is." Obviously it is Capote who may have done the reading, and who in any case has in mind the posture of the Romantic artist whose inspiration sweeps through him from forces not at all socially derived.

Such writing characterizes no one and nothing but itself. It is meant to be "beautiful" or "moving," an evidence of something in the writer that is "deeply good" and that other people ought not to tamper with. Capote is so committed to this kind of writing, and so strongly in need of it as a cover for violent feelings, that even after *In Cold Blood* he could publish that famous piece of fruitcake, "A Christmas Memory." There the Collin and Dolly of *The Grass Harp* find their substitutes in a kite-flying duo composed of Buddy, the Capote boy figure, and his Cousin Sookie. They live, as you might guess, with relatives "who have power over us, and frequently make us cry." Capote, that is, never fully learned as much as he might have from *In Cold Blood*: that there are in American life starker versions of his own conflicted nature, and that these make his aestheticism not only outworn but irrelevant.

Vengefulness, as his celebrated friends were to discover, was an essential part of Capote's nature, and the best part of him as a writer. It was there from the start, however sporadically, as in the terrifying little tale called "Mariam" (1945), in which a waif unaccountably turns up at the doorstep of a nice retired lady and proceeds to take over the apartment and her life to a terrifying degree, a waif who exists only as a repressed but unbanishable part of the woman herself. His sentimentality became the reverse side, the most public side, of his vengefulness, a complementary form of abstraction. The killers in Kansas were a magnified mirror image of an alienation that he knew must finally kill even a good father, or the women who are a manageable substitute for the good father. The Clutter part of American life, resting contentedly in its security, this very emanation of the Eisenhower ethos, is forced to meet elements no less American that it cannot comprehend. It collides with the fatherless, the rejected, the wandering and savage elements in America that must mark their presence in someone else's blood.

THERE IS nothing the matter with any motive for writing—and the motive of revenge is classic—so long as the writer does not fail to make available in the writing some full and powerful measure of whatever offends him. Mailer, Bellow, O'Connor, and Roth are all contemporaries of Capote who have sufficiently done this. Too often Capote fails to do so, and will instead trivialize his own deep contempt for the order of things. That includes, I suspect, an ultimate distaste for his own body and its sexual life, which by his testimony sounds as if it had been neither very active nor very pleasurable. Scarcely anywhere in Capote's writing is there a scene of any duration in which two people make physical love; and one such moment, a mere vignette in *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, so disturbs the boy and girl who witness it that they then forever turn away from one another.

Nor is Capote to be depended upon even in areas he does choose to write about, like social fame. His incessant gossip about the rich and famous never once became an inquiry into the source of their power in American society. If most of his fiction could have been set anywhere, it could as easily have occurred in any other decade or century; and this is true to a serious degree even of his journalism. It seems not to have mattered to him that he came to maturity in a period that saw the Second World War and Vietnam, the turmoil of the '60s and the fight the world over for equality.

It was a period, too, when the challenge to historical authority came to manifest itself, as at last it had to do, in bitter recriminations about sexual differences and sexual hegemony. While it is not Capote, but one of his characters, who says in the story "Mojave" that "Women are like flies: they settle on sugar or shit," his own views, as in his conversations with Grobel, include such howlers as the statement that women ought to be paid less than men for the same job because "a man works harder." For all his worldly connections, he was as uninquisitive about the forces at work in contemporary culture as a writer of his ambitions possibly could be, even about the very forces that in many places still count his own sexual practices a crime.

At the end of *Music for Chameleons*, a

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These faces pass as if night were a screen
Whose curving phosphors trembled into light
Bombarded by a stream of particles,
Imagination haunted by a brief
Effect: Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Ninth,
Rush hour. And what you notice is the vast
Neutrality with which most confront life;
Then look up suddenly. A ruby phased
Particle beam has brought a falcon stooping
Over your head, larger than life. Your heart
Drums like a partridge for a moment as
The bronze beak and the talons (leather jesses
And lovely bells from Amritsar cast off)
Seek you. Your face lit, you are past. The screen
Darkens. You're one of many all bound home.

KARL KIRCHWEY

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collection of journalistic pieces that appeared in 1980, he gingerly admits that though not yet a saint, "I'm an alcoholic. I'm a drug addict. I'm a homosexual. I'm a genius." This is intolerably cute. Being a drug addict or an alcoholic or a homosexual is his business. When he combines these admissions with a claim to genius, however, it becomes everybody's business. To put such items in combination makes it legitimate to ask, especially in an age that has recognized the real genius of Jean Gênet, why a reputed genius like Capote, so bent in this instance on self-confession, has not had something more to say about a political culture that, by its pietistic hypocritical obsessions with private conduct, manages to direct attention time and again away from the glaringly visible disasters of social and political life. After his heroic confrontation with cold blood in Kansas, Capote retreated to a tree house in Manhattan, there to play literary games for ever smaller and overpublicized stakes. He was more than amply rewarded for his games in his lifetime. But there is no need to pretend any longer that he earned anything but a relatively minor place in American letters.

RICHARD POIRIER

Richard Poirier's most recent book is *The Renewal of Literature* (Random House).

SECRECY AND DEMOCRACY

Covert Action: The Limits of Intervention in the Postwar World by Gregory Treverton

(Basic Books, 293 pp., $19.95)

One of the more remarkable revelations of last summer's Iran-*contra* hearings was just how wrong the conventional wisdom was on the "problem" of covert actions in a democratic society. Far from proving that rogue operations by American intelligence agencies were still out of control, and therefore in need of greater congressional and press oversight, the sessions showed just the opposite. It turned out that John McMahon, the CIA's deputy director for operations, and much of the rest of the professional CIA bureaucracy either did not know of, or were opposed to, the plans that took shape in the National Security Council.

The problem, of course, was not an institutional bias on their part toward secrecy and covert action. It was the CIA's unwillingness to cooperate that led its own director to work around his bureaucracy and assist a group of political appointees in the White House in running the operation themselves. As far as institutional arrangements for controlling the CIA's covert operations are concerned, our system (as it was modified in the late 1970s) worked perfectly well—recognizing, of course, that the system was never meant to correct the bad judgment of high officials in the White House.

I think, after reading *Covert Action*, that Gregory Treverton believes this, but he does not altogether resist the temptation to interpret the Iran-*contra* affair as an extension of the old CIA bogey. Drawing heavily on the author's experiences on the staff of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence in the mid-1970s, the issues and analysis in this book have a slightly dated quality to them, concentrating on well-known covert actions of the past, including Guatemala and Iran in the early 1950s, the Bay of Pigs, Chile in the early '70s, and support for the non-Marxist factions in the Angolan civil war. While the book discusses the Reagan administration and the Iran-*contra* affair, it was obviously begun before the imbroglio was revealed and completed before the author had time to incorporate the information provided by last summer's hearings. His analysis of the CIA and its limitations as an institution thus apply primarily to a period of history that has been over for some time now.

Covert Action's historical account provides a useful and readable primer on the uses and abuses of covert intervention. The book argues that the CIA was a victim of its own early successes. Owing

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To its origins in the wartime OSS, the CIA always gave pride of place to covert operations over the more mundane function of intelligence analysis. By 1952 the Directorate of Plans (forerunner of the current Operations Directorate) consumed 74 percent of the CIA budget and three-fifths of its personnel, nearly 6,000 people in 47 overseas stations—though much of this effort was directed at espionage rather than covert action. The early 1950s saw two stunning successes, at least in terms of the CIA's own objectives, in Iran and Guatemala. Both had common features: they were relatively cheap and small scale, relying more on psychology and wits than on brawn, and they were kept low-key and relatively secret (even though news of the Guatemala plans leaked out ahead of time).

BUT THE circumstances that led to these successes were not repeatable, according to Treverton. Most important was the changing nature of the Third World itself. The days when the United States could get its way through simple intimidation are now clearly over. In the Iran of 1953, Ambassador Loy Henderson turned the tide against Mossadeq by simply threatening to withdraw all Americans living there; in Guatemala, Arbenz grounded his air force because of a single propaganda broadcast that led him to believe his pilots had started to defect. Already by 1961 the discipline and control of the revolutionary Cuban regime was evident when the expected uprising against Castro failed to materialize. While many Iranian émigrés continue to believe that the CIA can pull strings behind Khomeini's back, America's inability to influence the internal politics of revolutionary Iran has been painfully evident for a decade now.

Covert operations are problematic for other reasons as well. Policy-makers frequently plan covert operations thinking that they will remain small and deniable, but such actions tend to acquire a momentum of their own. Dissident groups in Third World countries are notoriously difficult to control: we frequently have to work with unsavory characters whose purposes do not coincide with our own, and who have a stake in misrepresenting their goals to gain our support. There is ample opportunity, moreover, for misinterpreted signals: witness the case of Chile, where collecting information on possible coup attempts in the military may well have been taken by the actual plotters as a signal of American backing.

These sorts of observations lead Treverton to rules of thumb that "amount to setting a higher threshold for the use of covert action." He agrees with Cyrus Vance that the language of the National Security Act of 1947 authorizing covert activities in areas "affecting national security" is too broad, and argues along with Vance that they should be permitted only in cases "absolutely essential" to national security. Treverton comes down squarely in favor of the remedy from the 1970s, that Congress needs to be a partner along with the executive in the discussion and approval of intelligence operations. He also concludes that much of what traditionally has been done covertly, such as financial support for democratic groups like labor unions and churches, can be and in many cases is better done out in the open.

Yet settling for Vance's test that an action be "absolutely" essential to American security begs precisely the questions Treverton has raised in his critique of covert operations. For the difficulties he singles out as obstacles to effective covert intervention in fact apply to foreign policy as a whole, covert and overt. Defining priorities among competing interests and assessing the means of protecting them are challenges that go far beyond covert operations; you don't solve them by affixing the label "absolutely essential," or by making them overt.

TAKE THE problem of expanding commitment, which Treverton isolates as a problem of Third World covert intervention. The inability to call it quits at an opportune moment has been the central difficulty bedeviling the United States in two rather overt interventions, the Korean and Vietnam wars, as well as the more recent debacle in Lebanon. In most respects, the problem is more severe in overt cases. Only then are presidents tempted to make high-minded statements like the Truman, Eisenhower, or Carter doctrines, that such-and-such a country or group is vital to the security of the United States. Democratic politics inclines us toward trenchant distinctions between friends and enemies, and a publicly sworn friend tends to develop strong domestic constituencies.

By contrast, an ally covertly supported is much easier to sell out when the going gets tough, as Treverton admits occurred in the cases of the Kurds in Iraq and the Montagnards in Vietnam. The same applies to the problem that our allies' purposes are not our own: we did not choose to ally with Joseph Stalin during the war for the lovely color of his eyes, nor were we particularly happy with the various Rhees, Diems, Marcoses, Salazars, and Chuns with whom we had very open and explicit agreements. But even democratic allies such as Israel have at times led us down paths of their own choosing. This is hardly a characteristic unique to covert action; it is a staple of international life.

THE TRUTH IS that almost nothing in United States foreign or defense policy is *absolutely* essential, including the defense of NATO Europe. And yet there is a large category of operations that are quite important to our interests, which have traditionally been run by the Operations Directorate of the CIA and which cannot be carried out by any other government agency. The best illustration is perhaps the most important CIA undertaking of the 1980s, support for the Afghan *mujahideen*, which Treverton fails to discuss at any length. (He also skips over a number of important CIA successes supporting democratic forces in Western Europe in the late 1940s, as well as Edwin Lansdale's help to Philippine Defense Minister Ramon Magsaysay and other Southeast Asian leaders in the early '50s.)

While the support operation in Afghanistan was never truly covert, it was quiet, so as not to embarrass the Pakistani government and embroil it unnecessarily with the Soviets. It was not a program that could have been easily administered by the military services or the parts of the Defense Department concerned with security assistance: the bulk of the assistance was military, but dealing with the political sensitivities of the Pakistani authorities and the different insurgent groups required a deft political touch, and also the ability to provide unconventional items such as Soviet-bloc military hardware. Like aid to the *contras*, the Afghan effort was one of Washington's worst-kept secrets. Still, it bids fair to be an undeniable success of two administrations, substantially driving up the costs of Moscow's Afghan adventure (as well as spurring the Soviets in their reconsideration of the Brezhnev legacy in the Third World) and possibly paving the way for a real Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan.

Contrary to Treverton's assertion that operations like Afghanistan are becoming less common, they are a phenomenon new to the 1980s—a response to the

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expansion of the Soviet empire that took place in the previous decade. Given the declining utility of conventional military force in the contemporary world, support for democratic revolutions not just against Soviet client states but against other oppressive Third World regimes has the potential to become a very important instrument of American policy in the future.

IT IS NEVER clear whether the focus of *Covert Action* is the generic category of covert-type operations in American foreign policy or the way they have been implemented by one specific institution, the CIA. If it is the latter, there is not much to write about, since the agency's Directorate of Operations was defanged over a decade ago. Yet as an analysis of the former, Treverton's book is less a diagnosis than a symptom of the disease afflicting contemporary American foreign policy. In calling for more openness as the cure for the problems of covert operations, he fails to confront more important requirements for the conduct of American foreign policy as a whole.

As a great power, the United States must base its policy on a fairly broad sense of national interest. Since the United States is a very secure nation, we don't need to spend much time defending vital national security interests. Rather, we must assign a just and prudent value to the vast majority of our foreign policy concerns, which are non-essential. A great power also has to be able to see shades of gray among friends and enemies, which can be a similarly subtle enterprise. In the Third World in particular, there are only shifting and temporary convergences in the interests of foreign powers and our own.

Assessing means is as problematic as settling on ends. A great power has to be able to accept setbacks and tactical retreats, and also be willing to stick to the game over the long haul rather than succumb to swings between euphoria and discouragement. Such a stable but agile policy often means seizing opportunities when they arise and betting on causes that don't have an immediate payoff. Treverton rightly points to many of these challenges to U.S. foreign policy and its failures to meet them. But he mistakenly attributes those failures to covert operations when they are in fact exacerbated by the open nature of our policy-making process. It is the need to mobilize public support that tends to encourage the simple, shortsighted strategies; public opinion likes clear lines between friends and enemies, is seldom tolerant of short-term failures, and often fails to see the point of salting away capital to build toward long-term success.

If American foreign policy is to evaluate stakes and objectives prudently, make tactical adjustments, and adhere to principles consistently over the long run, then what it may need is less rather than more exposure to the influence of domestic American politics. I do not mean this in any narrow sense of expanding the scope of responsibilities of the Directorate of Operations of the CIA, or stamping more "Top Secret" labels on documents. Obviously American foreign policy must rest on a broad public consensus over our national purposes. But the question is whether the U.S. government as a whole, acting within that consensus, can formulate and carry out foreign policy with some degree of buffering against the vagaries of domestic politics. Vance's test of "absolute" essentiality—or Caspar Weinberger's six conditions for military intervention—are rules of thumb more appropriate for a giant Switzerland than for the United States as it has conceived itself in the postwar period. Our failure to diagnose ourselves properly spells trouble in the future, not only for the United States but for all the other countries that depend on us as well.

FRANCIS FUKUYAMA

Francis Fukuyama is a senior staff member in the political science department of the RAND Corporation.

THE EXILE'S SONG

The Haw Lantern by Seamus Heaney

(Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 52 pp., $12.95)

It would be fair to say that Seamus Heaney is now the most successful and widely read contemporary poet in English. He stands as that rare colossus who can bestride both the Atlantic and the Irish Sea. In all three literary cultures, and at a comparatively early age, he is a critical touchstone. His books are big sellers, and his readings thronged. In Ireland, he is considered a national hero. The English, temperamentally suspicious of hype, have had to whisk him to appearances by helicopter. In America, he is a Harvard professor.

He has succeeded in part because, while continuing to please his admirers, he has always flown the nets of their expectations. Those Irish readers whose ambition it was that he take the place of Yeats have been disappointed by what Heaney himself has characterized as his "timid circumspect involvement" with the continuing Irish troubles, by his disavowal of any grandiloquent encounter with conscience in favor of the "sensings, mountings from the hidden places," the roots and graftings rather than the great chestnut bole. Those seeking a new Patrick Kavanagh have been disconcerted by Heaney's self-conscious suavities and by his persistent concern for the private life of memory, the erotics of domesticity.

Americans have always welcomed an Irish bard on stage, but this one doesn't preen or croon. Like Frost, he has charged the traditional verse-line with new, buoyant tasks, but prefers not to pursue the psychology of character beyond a canny, sympathetic moralism. Like Lowell, he has perfected a wholly personal idiom and turned his own past into a general history, but he has little of Lowell's metaphysical compression or far-ranging curiosity. To be sure, he appeals to those readers tired of the garrulous weightlessness of so much recent American poetry, formless and woolly.

Still, he sometimes seems an odd alternative here, more delicate and oblique than any American counterpart. If he has abided by Valéry's warning that profundity is a hundred times easier to get than precision, and made his poems exact with Irish terms and rural lore, to American ears he remains an

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exotic. He is essentially a *local* poet, for whom (in his own formulation) "place symbolizes a personal drama before it epitomizes a communal situation." This doesn't always travel well; the resonance of certain words, key events, the whole geography of an Irish imagination is hard to appreciate fully. For the American edition of *The Haw Lantern*, in fact, Heaney has added a lean page of explanatory notes. Even more would have helped.

HEANEY HAS eluded the claims and the ambitions others have set for him by being always "in between." This is his own term for a series of accidents—having been born a Catholic in the North, then settling as a Northerner in the South, and always being an Irish poet in an English culture. From the start he's been poised between the bog and the demesne—that is, between the half-lit romantic heritage of a wrecked Irish language and culture, and the imposing heritage of English lyric poetry. And his task has been to ruffle the lyric's decorum. He has wanted to "make it eat stuff that it has never eaten before . . . like all the messy and, it would seem, incomprehensible obsessions in the North," and to give it a new accent, disrupt its complacent graces. His early books certainly announced a "guttural muse," a lilting or grating music drawn into clipped stanzas from a rich, peat-packed word-hoard. And with *North* (1975) he found his analogous way to write of the brutality and enduring anguish, the "tribal, intimate revenge" exacted by life in Northern Ireland.

The aim of his art, and the true achievement of his style, though, is not discord but balance, the sometimes estranging harmonics of conflicting demands and bequests. When, in the fine essays collected in *Preoccupations* (1980), Heaney writes about this balancing act, time and again, he describes it in terms of masculine and feminine modes of imagination—forging and incubation. The differences are embedded in language and in consciousness itself: "I think of the personal and Irish pieties as vowels, and the literary awareness nourished on English as consonants." Writing is an encounter between, or a union of, a masculine ascendency of will and shaping intelligence, and a native feminine topography of emotion and image. Heaney, for whom words are music before they are discourse, would no doubt characterize himself as working primari-

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ly in this "feminine" mode, where

> the language functions more as evocation than as address, and the poetic effort is not so much a labour of design as it is an act of divination and revelation; words in the feminine mode behave with the lover's come-hither instead of the athlete's display, they constitute a poetry that is delicious as texture before it is recognized as architectonic.

We may be uncomfortable with Heaney's old-fashioned terms, but they do remind us that he has continually tried to adjust our view of his work away from its pretexts and argument and toward its texture, that soft way in which experience is lined with language. And if by "feminine" we understand a Wordsworthian "wise passivity," a nurturing of "the buried life of feelings," then we are closer to Heaney's reasons for abjuring any hard political line. He has been less a poet of ideas than of place, less a poet of the heights than of the hearth. Or perhaps it would be more accurate still to say that he is a poet of the *body*, fascinated by physicality, the world's body of remembered places, the feel and scent and sound of the beloved. If Yeats found a style to resist his surroundings, Heaney has found one to savor and celebrate his.

WHEN there is a note of nostalgia thrumming beneath his poems, it serves to remind those who hear it of how often he writes—still, always—as the outsider, the "inner émigré." Like Sweeney, the poet's rhymesake and mythological king-turned-bird keening in the treetops, and also like his master James Joyce, Heaney is an exile. In his case, it is an exile from the country to the city, from the community into the writer's solitude, from the solipsism of childhood into the mortal distractions of adulthood.

At his best, Heaney is the plaintive rhapsodist of that exile. He is primarily an elegiac miniaturist, a lyric poet with an impeccable ear and astonishing gifts for the surprising word, the heart-stopping phrase. At the start his lyre was strung very tautly, and a little primly. In *Field Work* (1979) he relaxed his line, and also broadened the appeal of his work. He had learned, as he later said of this book, "to trust melody, to trust art as reality, to trust artfulness as an affirmation." The political poems at the front of the book, among his very best, yield to domestic and pastoral subjects that affirm the restorative power of the quotidian and of the natural world.

What he did next, in *Station Island* (1985), was pitch these same themes higher, and reverse his emphasis. The title poem sets out to be the long poem about the matter of Ireland that many of Heaney's readers—especially Americans, with their appetite for ambition and risk—must have longed for. It is a stunning piece of work, richly and dramatically imagined, if not altogether the large-scale triumph some wanted or claimed.

Perhaps even more to be pondered and praised is the book's concluding sequence, "Sweeney Redivivus," a series of sometimes hermetic but always exquisite lyrics that eerily blend moments of Heaney's own past—early joys and sorrows, his loss of faith, his acquired art—with the voice of the legendary bird-king hero. This group parallels the "Bog sequence" in *North* that first brought Heaney fame but is composed with much more originality, canniness, and tender authority. It declares that here is a poet who, having mastered the traditions, might now set out to change them over in his own image. In this book of changes, he proved that a new "spirit broke cover / to raise a dust / in the font of exhaustion."

THOSE WHOSE expectations for Heaney's new book have thereby been raised are likely to find *The Haw Lantern* something of a disappointment. I would say it had been written with damp powder, except for my lingering suspicion that the poet himself may deliberately have wanted, by means of this rather slight book of mostly occasional poems, to defuse again the megaton reputation many have made for him. The presiding figure here, the haw lantern itself, is described as a "small light," a humble red hip on its twig, glad of "not having to blind them with illumination."

On the other hand, I do not want to underrate Heaney's remarkable gifts, or the many fine poems here. The book has an exhilarating variety: ballad and translation, riddle and dramatic monologue, complaint, blessing, eulogy, dream vision, love poem. Everywhere he writes with a cadenced ease. Consider this last part of "Hailstones," the memory of a sudden storm of childhood:

> Nipple and hive, bite-lumps,
> small acorns of the almost pleasurable
> intimated and disallowed
>
> when the shower ended
> and everything said *wait*.
> For what? For forty years
> to say there, there you had
> the truest foretaste of your aftermath—
> in that dilation
>
> when the light opened in silence
> and a car with wipers going still
> laid perfect tracks in the slush.

The sensations are tangibly described, yet still shot through with symbolic lights. The flintlike Anglo-Saxon words give way to softer Latinate terms, just as the experience itself sinks into thought, and as the child's primary world gives way to the old heart's persuasions. Then at the end, its epiphany earned, how convincingly he turns the poem back in on itself—the memory of tire tracks having become the lines of the very poem we're reading.

THE HAW LANTERN opens with other poems about childhood, not so much evocations as little preludes about the growth of the poet's mind. He is concerned with how the child he was came to words and stories, and so to a magical view of the world, subject to spells and transformation—to poetry itself. The poet John Montague once said that the whole Irish landscape is a manuscript its people have lost the skill to read. Whenever Heaney writes about the countryside, he treats it as a text. It comes as no surprise that here he maps his language as well.

This concern with language is continued in the book's half-dozen allegorical poems. These are a new route for Heaney. With titles like "From the Republic of Conscience" and "From the Canton of Expectation," they are not specific historical accounts, but meditations on spiritual conditions in a menacing political climate. They have fictive energy but can seem vague in effect. The purpose of allegory, wrote Coleridge, is to convey in disguise "either moral qualities or conceptions of the mind that are not in themselves objects of the senses," so that their difference is everywhere present to the eye, and their likeness suggested to the imagination. The most vivid of Heaney's parables returns to the subject of a poem in an earlier collection—getting stopped in his car by a border patrol. Now it's become a version of the writer's—any writer's—imperiled conscience:

> So you drive on to the frontier of writing
> where it happens again. The guns on
> tripods;
> the sergeant with his on-off mike repeating
> data about you, waiting for the squawk
> of the clearance; the marksman training

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down
out of the sun upon you like a hawk.

And suddenly you're through, arraigned
yet freed,
as if you'd passed from behind a waterfall
on the black current of a tarmac road

past armour-plated vehicles, out between
the posted soldiers flowing and receding
like tree shadows into the polished
windscreen.

The heart of the book is, as before, elegiac. One of the most affecting poems is his tribute to Robert Fitzgerald, on whose death in 1984 Heaney succeeded to the Boylston professorship at Harvard. "In Memoriam: Robert Fitzgerald" uses that great translator's own Homeric figures to render a homage passionate in its restraint. Here is the conclusion, Fitzgerald's death portrayed as his hero's moment of victory:

After the bowstring sang a swallow's note,
The arrow whose migration is its mark
Leaves a whispered breath in every socket.
The great test over, while the gut's still
humming,
This time it travels out of all knowing
Perfectly aimed towards the vacant centre.

The book's centerpiece is "Clearances," a sequence of eight sonnets plus a prayer written in memory of Heaney's mother. They will recall the ten brimming "Glanmore Sonnets" in *Field Work*, which taught the hedge-school lessons of an idealized farm life. Because of its subject, "Clearances" is more austere. Anecdotal memories of his mother have the stillness of genre scenes:

When all the others were away at Mass
I was all hers as we peeled potatoes.
They broke the silence, let fall one by one
Like solder weeping off the soldering iron:
Cold comforts set between us, things to
share
Gleaming in a bucket of clean water.
And again let fall. Little pleasant splashes
From each other's work would bring us to
our senses.

His mother is portrayed as a rather stern and simple woman. Neither mother nor son much understand "each other's work." At home he would "decently relapse into the wrong/Grammar which kept us allied at bay," while she seems to have had a secret respect for words and his way with them. At her deathbed:

The space we stood around had been
emptied
Into us to keep, it penetrated
Clearances that suddenly stood open.

These are difficult scenes and feelings to write about, much harder certainly than any political issue. Heaney's reined-in emotion is all the more wrenching. When, in the final sonnet, the heft and hush of a felled tree have become "a bright nowhere,/A soul ramifying and forever/Silent, beyond silence listened for," we are in the presence of a poet with his ear to the heart of things.

J. D. McCLATCHY

J. D. McClatchy's most recent books are *Kilim* (Sea Cliff) and *Poets on Painters* (University of California Press).

THE HARUMPH OF THE WILL

The New Season: A Spectator's Guide to the 1988 Election by George F. Will

(Simon and Schuster, 223 pp., $17.95)

George Will has written a thin book about a thin subject, the 1988 presidential election. He assures the reader, bravely, that "elections are about substantial things, and . . . most voters know that." What substantial things? One candidate was caught spending the weekend with a girl. Another was found to have copied his term paper. A third turned out to be a tattletale. And to top off the year of living childishly, a nominee to the U.S. Supreme Court was caught smoking pot.

Will knows two big things about 1988, and they don't exactly fit together. One is that the Republicans have a "lock" on the Electoral College. He notes that in the nine presidential elections since 1952, 39 states with 441 electoral votes (far more than the 270 needed to win) have voted Republican five times or more. He cites Horace Busby's observation that we now have two "60-40" political systems: the congressional vote usually splits 60-40 in favor of the Democrats, and the presidential vote usually splits 60-40 in favor of the Republicans. And he cites my own observation that the Democrats have nominated the same ticket three times—a Northern liberal Protestant for president and a Northern liberal Catholic for vice president—and each time they have gotten just about the same vote: 43 percent for Humphrey and Muskie in 1968, 38 percent for McGovern and Shriver in 1972, 41 percent for Mondale and Ferraro in 1984.

The other thing Will knows is that "the winning candidates in American elections, especially when no incumbent is running, are generally the candidates who seem to be agents of change." Will is aware that the Republicans, after eight years in power, will have a hard time presenting themselves as agents of change. So far, he observes, each of the five presidents in this century "whose personalities permeated public life" (Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, Eisenhower, Reagan) was succeeded by someone strikingly different. As governor of California, for instance, Reagan was succeeded not by "the man who had been, in effect, his vice president" (Houston I. Flournoy), but by—brace yourself—Jerry Brown. We stand warned.

Like most conservatives these days, Will feels betrayed by the Reagan administration. There was no Reagan revolution. "Nothing Reagan has done or aspires to do is comparable to what Franklin Roosevelt did in the mid-1930s." Will labels Reagan a "New Deal Conservative." Not only is Reagan reconciled to the social welfare state, but he has endorsed some of the most important extensions of activist government—catastrophic health insurance, for example, and the manipulation of currency exchange rates as a means of regulating international trade. "Reagan did not shrink government," Will argues. "He rearranged it, moving resources toward defense." Worse yet, Will identifies a "streak of unseriousness" in the administration's foreign policy. He says, "Historians may conclude that it was during this administration that the United States conclusively lost the cold war."

Who is to blame for all this? At one point Will talks about "the vacuousness of the 1984 campaign," which was "too themeless to impart the momentum that comes from a practical, specific mandate." (Earlier in the book, Will predicts that "the most successful Democrats in

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1988 will run 'thematic' campaigns, as Reagan did in 1984.") Such are the perils of writing a book that "incorporates and elaborates portions of some recent columns." But when you get right down to it, nobody is to blame more than Reagan himself. Reagan's "indiscriminate optimism" leads him to pursue chimerical goals such as arms control and détente. Others criticize Reagan's "management style" when they really mean his "passivity." To Will, that is still mincing words. "The unminced word would have been laziness." Reagan is simply too lazy to challenge the liberal status quo on issues such as the cold war and the welfare state.

WHAT Will calls lazy others might call shrewd. Reagan is a pragmatic and cautious politician who usually knows exactly how much he can get away with. He could not get away with a frontal assault on the welfare state, so he defunded the federal government by pulling the revenue plug. The deficit, as David Stockman pointed out, is an ingenious strategy that puts the Democrats in the hapless situation of talking about "a new agenda for social progress" without having the resources to pay for it. Back in 1981 Reagan said that taxes "should not be used to regulate the economy or bring about social change." The idea behind tax reform was to make it more difficult—not impossible, only more difficult—to use taxation as an instrument of social policy. Tax reform, like the deficit, was a case of hidden-agenda politics.

Reagan also knew that he could not pursue the religious right's social agenda on issues like abortion and school prayer without tearing the Republican coalition apart. So he avoided a legislative confrontation on these issues, instead seeking to stack the federal courts with conservative sympathizers. Again, that is not laziness. That is shrewdness. Similarly, an arms control agreement does not demolish the Reagan defense buildup. It institutionalizes it. A new treaty would be the long-promised payoff for seven years of defense increases. And the Strategic Defense Initiative is a brilliant (politically brilliant, not strategically brilliant) alternative to deterrence. It leaves the Democrats in the position of defending "nuclear terror."

Ronald Reagan changed the instrumentalities of American politics. Those, in turn, affected the policy agenda, which in turn influenced the national consensus—but only indirectly. Will is put out because Reagan refused to challenge the national consensus. Instead of confronting the system head on, Reagan did something much smarter. He changed the rules. We will be living with the deficit, tax reform, the Reagan defense buildup, and Reagan's Court appointees for a long time.

Will dreams the Burkean dream of a conservative party that embodies "the national idea." "Contemporary conservatism awaits its Burke or Webster," he writes, "someone who, when he speaks of the nation's expression of itself through the national government, speaks with the soul of a poet rather than a corporate comptroller." The problem for Will is that the American right is, in the European sense, a liberal right; it is individualistic and anti-statist, not corporatist. Many books have been written about why there is no socialism in the United States, and they have all come up with the same answer: the pervasive individualism of American culture. For the same reasons that there is no socialist party on the American left, there is no nationalist party or religious party on the American right. Collectivism is alien to American culture.

DURING the last two years of every Republican administration, conservatives characteristically become angry, frustrated, embittered, betrayed. That's the way they felt at the end of the Eisenhower years, after the big electoral setback of 1958. The right was infuriated by the "pact of Fifth Avenue" between Nixon and Rockefeller in 1960. They felt the Republican Party had to be cleansed of its impurities and punished for its sins. When Richard Nixon lost, the right was there to pick up the pieces and nominate Barry Goldwater in 1964. After the Watergate trauma and the 1974 landslide, conservatives once again felt angry, frustrated, embittered, betrayed. They rallied to Reagan's cause; but the party nominated Ford. And once again the GOP had to be cleansed of its impurities and punished for its sins. Ford lost, and again the right was there to pick up the pieces and nominate Reagan in 1980.

We are now in the last two years of the Reagan administration, and what do we have? The loss of the Senate in 1986, followed by the Iran-*contra* scandal. As usual, the right feels angry, frustrated, embittered, betrayed. It craves recrimination. Only two conservatives are capable of giving voice to their craving, Pat Buchanan and Jeane Kirkpatrick, but neither of them is running for president. So who is the right left with? Jack Kemp, whose message is one of buoyancy and optimism, not bitterness and betrayal.

To hell with that, many conservatives are saying, let's go with the only candidate in the race who comes close to articulating our resentment: Pat Robertson. Who cares if Robertson's cause is hopeless? Let the party go ahead and nominate George Bush. We know what will happen. . . . Here is where Will parts company with the embittered right. Will is not among those who feel that the Republican Party must be cleansed of its impurities and punished for its sins. In fact, Will is not really bitter about the failure of the Reagan revolution. He is resigned. He sounds like that other disillusioned revolutionary, David Stockman: "If this is what the people want, then go ahead and let them have it."

WHAT the people want, what Reagan has determined to give them, is the liberal status quo. Will writes, "To the question: 'What sort of federal role do you want?' the country has answered: 'About what we have—no more, but not much less either.' Now conservatism's task is to come to terms with that answer, and finance it." In Will's view, the three great lessons of the Reagan years are, first, that the country is not really as conservative as it says it is—Americans like an activist state; second, that conservatives are not nearly as conservative as they say they are—they are willing to live with an activist state; third, after Reagan, conservatives will accept the liberal status quo—"Reagan did, and so any Republican can."

To Nixon's shocking admission in 1971, "Now I am a Keynesian," Republicans answered in 1980, "We're all Reaganites now." By 1988, however, that answer will have become meaningless. Will sees "convergence between the two political parties on the subject of foreign policy." And on the economy, "We are all 'interventionists' now." Then why vote for such an unclean and impure Republican Party? Will's clever answer: to protect the liberal status quo from its enemies. Its enemies are not the right anymore, but the left. Since 1945, he argues, the Republicans' task has been "accepting the premises, and resisting the excesses, of the post-New Deal role of government."

What the Democrats did was desert the liberal status quo. The Democratic Party used to be committed to economic growth and the containment of communism. Sometime in the mid-1960s, however, the Democrats began to show "a

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weariness with the latter and a concern to correct the costs of the former." On race, the Democrats gave up the principle that once animated the civil rights movement, "that race should be irrelevant to civic life and is inherently unacceptable as a basis for state action." In adopting the logic of quotas in its own affairs, the party has become "a bit too peculiar for comfort." (The British Labour Party has the same problem. During the 1987 campaign, a middle-aged housewife told an interviewer, "I used to be a strong Labour supporter, but these days, I think the Labour Party is only interested in you if you're young, or old, or peculiar.")

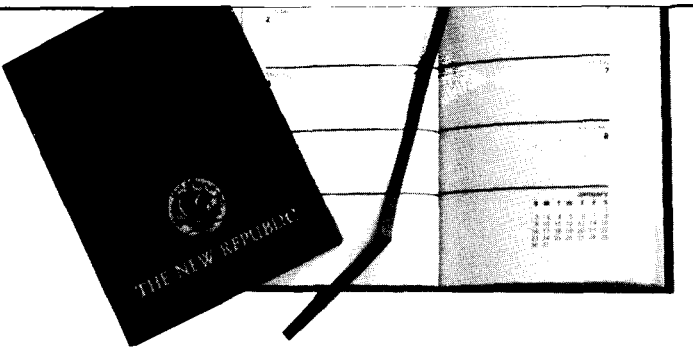
Will dutifully echoes what has been the dominant theme of the 1988 campaign so far. "The electorate is in no mood for amateur hour in Washington," he writes. "It craves competence." But is the 1988 election really going to turn on competence? Will suspects that it may not, and I agree. He asserts that "the most volatility-inducing ingredient in the life of the developed bourgeois world is not any political ideology or religious passion. Rather, it is boredom." We will not spend the next year debating competence, simply because it is too boring.

Political activists and pundits crave excitement. They crave vision. Will wants a campaign of ideas because "ideas are fun." By ideas he means "primary colors nailed firmly to a tall mast." Unfortunately for Will, 1987 has been the year of The Vision Gap. All the candidates who have been doing well so far—Bush, Dole, Dukakis—have been selling the same things: competence, experience, professionalism. There is not a vision among them. Dole calls it "the V word," while Bush, with characteristic eloquence, refers to "the vision thing." It seems that after eight years of Ronald Reagan, the country may have had enough vision for a while.

And so George is bored. Instead of making a sustained argument, he gives us free-associated *pensées*. He implicates, first, the whole Republican Party; then, in the longest chapter, the Democrats are targeted; and finally the electorate gets it. Boredom has turned Will into a Portnoy-class kvetcher about American politics.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

William Schneider, a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, writes a syndicated column for *National Journal* and the *Los Angeles Times*.



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CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Black and White

"CRY FREEDOM," a black friend from South Africa tells me, "may be a useful movie, at least for the moment. But it is not a truthful one." He knows. He was one of the defendants in the trial depicted in the film at which Steve Biko was a defense witness. Convicted, my friend spent nearly eight years in Robben Island prison. It's not that the director, Richard Attenborough, exaggerated the depravities of apartheid. God knows, these are real enough. Unlike the villains of his earlier film *Gandhi*—the British in India—the Pretoria regime hardly requires distorting, even in the service of propaganda. No, what has been misappropriated is the truth about the black struggle. One has only to read Biko's famous essay, "Black Souls in White Skins?" with its resonances of Fanon (*Black Skins, White Masks*), to grasp that the radical cutting edge of the hero's views has been dulled to make them palatable to Attenborough's intended white audience of millions. The film Biko waggishly chastises the country's liberals. But neither his analysis nor his remedy is ever threatening or even particularly challenging. Cinema buffs have compared Attenborough's moving about of vast crowds to Cecil B. De Mille's, and they are right. The analogy also holds for their manipulation of complex moral issues, like those that are present in any situation crying out for revolutionary change. Attenborough has made his black protagonist a stick figure whose only triumph is one white man's putative emancipation. He's also made the black masses undifferentiated and faceless. This in an anti-apartheid film! No wonder the Botha government is so unfazed that it has allowed *Cry Freedom* to be shown without cuts.

FOR KNOWLEDGEABLE VIEWERS, the signs of something dishonest afoot came early: the posters with Nelson Mandela's face adorning the hovels of Crossroads, the squatter settlement outside Cape Town. In the mid-1970s, when the film takes place, Mandela, an imprisoned leader of the African National Congress, was not the popular hero he later became. At the time the visages inspiring resistance were more likely to have been those of two other figures. One was Zulu Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, described by Gail M. Gerhart in her definitive *Black Power in South Africa* (University of California) as "an outspoken anti-government Bantustan leader" with "growing national popularity." (I'm sorry to wreak havoc with some readers' preconceptions.) The other was Robert Sobukwe, a towering presence, in jail and out, in the black consciousness movement and the Pan Africanist Congress. Attenborough's artistic license in substituting his own black hero of the moment for two real black heroes of real black people in real history is not unlike the airbrushing of Trotsky from the famous revolutionary painting that hangs in the Kremlin. The fact is that American and Western European whites (and, perhaps more critically, Eastern European whites) have designated the ANC as their preferred option in South Africa. And they are eager to help the ANC rewrite the history of the struggle against apartheid so that it would seem as if there weren't alternatives both more candidly radical and more democratic (and anti-Communist). Attenborough lent himself to this process of usurpation by having ANC President Oliver Tambo's son, Dali, help him vet the film for political nuances. But Biko was no ally of the ANC. He represented the alternative. The political fortunes of the exiled ANC and particularly of its Communist faction were, in fact, served by Biko's murder, by the jailing of his comrades, and by the banning of the 18 organizations and newspapers with which he was associated. You get none of this texture in Attenborough's movie. It's more convenient and congenial for blacks to have unidimensional politics. Biko complains to Woods early in the film that white people have always written black people's history, and for their own purposes. And so it is with *Cry Freedom*.

I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD the enthusiasm for ecumenical dialogue among religious groups. There seem to be so many do-or-die differences within denominations—Catholic, Jewish, Muslim, and the various Protestant ones—that the search for unity or at least commonality among them seems . . . well, pointless. As a Jew I am sensitive, of course, to the effort in our era to make anti-Semitism theologically unsound from a Christian point of view. In general the notion still harbored in many religions, either in actual texts or in folk beliefs, that God hates nonbelievers is both ugly and dangerous. The erosion of this notion would be high on any civilized agenda. But there is no hint of anti-Semitism in the recent statements to an Italian newspaper by Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, the prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, that have gotten Jewish ecumenicists into such a dither. All Ratzinger said was that, though Christians should maintain friendly and respectful relations with Jews, Christians believe that Judaism is fulfilled in Christianity. I don't see how any Catholic could believe otherwise. By the same token Jews should not be considered intolerant because they believe Judaism sufficient unto itself and not requiring subsequent divine illuminations for fulfillment. The Church does have a lot to answer for, even now, not least its inability to swallow the fact of the Jewish return to the Land of Israel. But it's time for Jews to stop hectoring Roman Catholics on doctrinal points. And also time to stop demanding that texts be rescrutinized and purged. After all, just as there are Christian texts animated by Jew-hatred, there is no shortage of Jewish texts animated by goy-hatred.

JIMMY CARTER GIVES an annual cash prize for human rights and so does Robert Kennedy's family. There are also smaller awards from organizations that have been working in the field. The *Boston Globe* reports that there is much competition among these bestowers of honors. They seem to think there's a paucity of worthy recipients. My guess is that there's only a paucity of fashionable recipients, our attention span for losing causes abroad being even shorter than for those at home. These awards are made, at relatively little cost, as much to enhance the esteem of the donors as to enable the work of the donees. And speaking of human rights, could there be a more devastating commentary on the state of freedoms in Castro's Cuba than the desperate demands of Cuban prisoners that they be allowed to remain in American penitentiaries rather than be sent home? Better a prison in a (free) country than a country that's a prison.

M. P.

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